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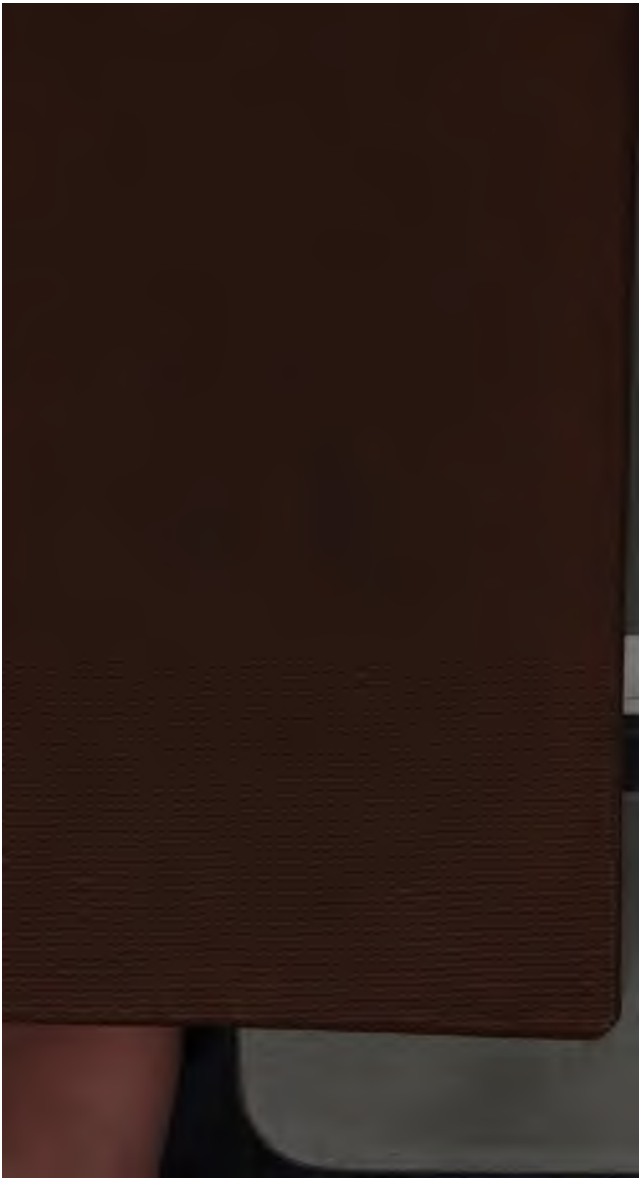

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-SECOND.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. AND A. STRAHAN;

FOR C. BATHURST, J. BUCKLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, T. DAVIES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE, S. CROWDER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, E. AND C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

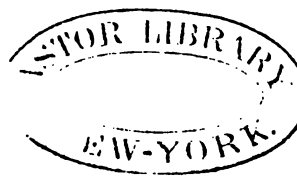
THE

POEMS

OF

POPE.

VOLUME I.



DR. WARBURTON'S

ADVERTISEMENT

To the OCTAVO EDITION of Mr. POPE'S Works, 1751.

MR. POPE, in his laſt illneſs, amuſed himſelf, amidſt the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his writings; and, with his uſual delicacy, was even ſolicitous to prevent any ſhare of the offence they might occaſion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public.

In diſcharge of this truſt, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in ſuch a manner, as, I am perſuaded, would have been to his ſatisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the ſake of profit, ſuffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a Subſcription; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impreſſion; nor his memory to be diſgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expence, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the beſt Artiſts in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could beſtow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it ſhould have ſuffered, it was owing to a reaſon which the Editor need not make a ſecret. It was his regard to the family-intereſts of his deceaſed Friend.

Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impreſſions of ſeveral parts of his Works, unſold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they ſhould have time to diſpoſe of them to the beſt advantage before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) ſhould put a ſtop to the ſale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the ſuperiority of this edition above all the preceding: ſo far as Mr. Pope himſelf was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader muſt collect for himſelf.

The firſt Volume, and the original poems in the ſecond, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himſelf, even to the very preface: which, with ſeveral additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile Tranſlations, in the other part of the ſecond Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of ſome, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But theſe being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The third Volume, all but the Eſſay on Man (which, together with the Eſſay on Criticiſm, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and publiſhed in Quarto, as a ſpecimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his laſt illneſs (but never publiſhed) in the manner it is now given. The diſpoſition of the Epiſtle on the Characters of Men is quite altered: that

on

on the Characters of Women, much enlarged; and the Epiſtles on Riches and Taſte corrected and improved. To theſe advantages of the third Volume, muſt be added a great number of fine Verſes taken from the Author's Manuſcript-copies of theſe poems, communicated by him for this purpoſe to the Editor. Theſe, when he firſt publiſhed the Poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reaſons, to omit. Some from the Manuſcript-copy of the Eſſay on Man, which tended to diſcredit fate, and to recommend the moral government of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been reſtored to their places in the laſt Edition of that Poem. The reſt, together with others of the like ſort from his Manuſcript-copy of the other Ethic Epiſtles, are here inſerted at the bottom of the page, under the title of Variations.

The fourth Volume contains the Satires; with their Prologue, the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot; and Epilogue, the two Poems intitled MDCCXXXVIII. The Prologue and Epilogue are here given with the like advantages as the Ethic Epiſtles in the foregoing Volume, that is to ſay, with the Variations, or additional verſes from the Author's Manuſcripts. The Epilogue to the Satires is likewiſe enriched with many and large notes, now firſt printed from the Author's own Manuſcript.

The fifth Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the Dunciad than hath been hitherto publiſhed; of which, at preſent, I have only this further to add, That it was at my requeſt he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, it was pity ſo fine a *poem ſhould remain diſgraced* by the meanneſs of its

ſubject, the moſt inſignificant of all Dunces, bad Rhymers, and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raiſe and ennoble it by pointing his Satire againſt the moſt pernicious of all, Minute-philoſophers and Free-thinkers. I imagined too, it was for the intereſt of Religion, to have it known that ſo great a Genius had a due abhorrence of theſe peſts of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the ſame time, told me it would create him many enemies. He was not miſtaken. For though the terror of his pen kept them for ſome time in reſpect, yet on his death they roſe with unreſtrained fury, in numerous Coffee-houſe tales, and Grubſtreet libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to ſhew, that the follies and defects of a faſhionable Education naturally led to, and neceſſarily ended in, Free-thinking; with deſign to point out the only remedy adequate to ſo fatal an evil. It was to advance the ſame ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his moral writings that might be ſuſpected of having the leaſt glance towards Fate or Naturaliſm; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the ſide of moral Government and a revealed Will. And it would be injuſtice to his memory not to declare that he embraced theſe occaſions with the moſt unfeigned pleaſure.

The ſixth Volume conſiſts of Mr. Pope's miſcellaneous pieces in verſe and proſe*. Amongſt the Verſe ſeveral fine poems make now their firſt appearance in

* *The proſe is* not within the plan of *this* edition.

his

his Works. And of the Proſe, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquiſitely ſo, will be found in this Edition.

The ſeventh, eighth, and ninth Volumes conſiſt entirely of his Letters. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of familiar Epiſtles. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of ſeveral new pieces. Yet, excepting a ſhort explanatory letter to Col. M. and the Letters to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to ſhew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting theſe, I ſay, the reſt are all publiſhed from the Author's own printed, though not publiſhed, copies, delivered to the Editor.

On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are theſe, That it is the firſt complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the Public with his laſt corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verſes are here firſt printed from the Manuſcript-copies of his principal poems of later date: That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and laſtly, that ſeveral pieces, both in proſe and verſe, make now their firſt appearance before the Public.

The Author's Life deſerves a juſt Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the firſt Poets in the world is but his ſecond praiſe. He was

in a higher Claſs. He was one of the nobleſt works of God. He was an honeſt Man *. A man who alone poſſeſſed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satiriſt like him, will ſometimes fall to the ſhare of multitudes. In this hiſtory of his life, will be contained a large account of his writings; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his genius, exemplified from theſe writings; and a vindication of his moral character, exemplified by his more diſtinguiſhed virtues: his filial piety, his diſintereſted friendſhip, his reverence for the conſtitution of his country, his love and admiration of virtue, and (what was the neceſſary effect) his hatred and contempt of vice, his extenſive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his ſupreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his ſincere belief of Revelation. Nor ſhall his faults be concealed. It is not for the intereſts of his virtues that they ſhould. Nor indeed could they be concealed, if we were ſo minded, for they ſhine through his Virtues; no man being more a dupe to the ſpecious appearances of Virtue in others. In a word, I mean not to be his Panegyriſt, but his Hiſtorian. And may I, when Envy and Calumny take the ſame advantage of my abſence (for, while I live, I will freely truſt it to my Life to confute them) may I find a friend as careful of my honeſt fame as I have been of His! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his Dunces.

* "A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,
"An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God."

So

So that as the property is transferred, I could wiſh they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is ſo ſacred, that to throw dirt upon the ſhrine ſcandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her beſt Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the ſame petulancy at their funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet. The Public may be malicious; but is rarely vindictive or ungenerous. It would abhor theſe inſults on a writer dead, though it had borne with the ribaldry, or even ſet the ribalds on work, when he was alive. And in this there was no great harm: for he muſt have a ſtrange impotency of mind whom ſuch miſerable ſcribblers can ruffle. Of all that groſs Bœotian phalanx who have written ſcurrilouſly againſt me, I know not ſo much as one whom a writer of reputation would not wiſh to have his enemy, or whom a man of honour would not be aſhamed to own for his friend. I am indeed but ſlightly converſant in their works, and know little of the particulars of their defamation. To my Authorſhip they are heartily welcome. But if any of them have been ſo abandoned by Truth as to attack my moral character in any inſtance whatſoever, to all and every one of theſe, and their abettors, I give the lye in form, and in the words of honeſt Father Valerian, "Mentiris impudentiſſime."

I Pintand Lenvot

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

1840

To Mr. POPE, on his PASTORALS.

IN thoſe more dull, as more cenſorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praiſe,
A Muſe ſincere, that never Flattery knew,
Pays what to friendſhip and deſert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verſe are found
Art ſtrengthening Nature, Senſe improv'd by Sound.
Unlike thoſe Wits, whoſe numbers glide along
So ſmooth, no thought e'er interrupts the ſong:
Laboriouſly enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at beſt moſt muſically dull:
So purling ſtreams with even murmurs creep,
And huſh the heavy hearers into ſleep.
As ſmootheſt ſpeech is moſt deceitful found,
The ſmootheſt numbers oft are empty ſound.
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as Youth, as Age conſummate too:
Your ſtrains are regularly bold, and pleaſe
With unforc'd care, and unaffected eaſe,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the Ancients ſhewn,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:
For great men's faſhions to be follow'd are,
Although diſgraceful 'tis their cloaths to wear,

Some

Some in a poliſh'd ſtyle write Paſtoral,
Arcadia ſpeaks the language of the Mall.
Like ſome fair Shepherdeſs, the Sylvan Muſe
Should wear thoſe flowers her native fields produce;
And the true meaſure of the ſhepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:
Yet muſt his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common ſwain's be wrought,
So, with becoming art, the Players dreſs
In ſilks the ſhepherd, and the ſhepherdeſs;
Yet ſtill unchang'd the form and mode remain,
Shap'd like the homely ruſſet of the ſwain.
Your rural Muſe appears to juſtify
The long-loſt graces of ſimplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our ſenſe
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her Modeſty thoſe charms conceal'd;
Till by men's Envy to the world reveal'd;
For Wits induſtrious to their trouble ſeem,
And needs will envy what they muſt eſteem.
Live, and enjoy their ſpite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil liv'd, on Virgil wait;
Whoſe Muſe did once, like thine, in plains delight,
Thine ſhall, like his, ſoon take a higher flight;
So larks, which firſt from lowly fields ariſe,
Mount by degrees, and reach at laſt the ſkies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

To

To Mr. POPE, on his WINDSOR-FOREST.

HAIL! ſacred Bard! a Muſe unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic ſhore.
To our dark world thy ſhining page is ſhown,
And Windſor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The Eaſtern pomp had juſt beſpoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treaſures here:
A various ſpoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of Perſia glitter'd on our ſtrand,
And China's Earth was caſt on common ſand:
Toſs'd up and down the gloſſy fragments lay,
And dreſs'd the rocky ſhelves, and pav'd the painted bay.
Thy treaſures next arriv'd: and now we boaſt
A nobler cargo on our barren coaſt:
From thy luxuriant Foreſt we receive
More laſting glories than the Eaſt can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous ſcenes our buſy thoughts engage!
The pompous ſcenes in all their pride appear,
Freſh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half ſo true the fair Lodona ſhows
The ſylvan ſtate that on her border grows,
While ſhe the wond'ring ſhepherd entertains
With a new Windſor in her watery plains:
The juſter lays the lucid wave ſurpaſs,
The living ſcene is in the Muſe's glaſs.

Nor

Nor ſweeter notes the echoing Foreſts chear,
When Philomela ſits and warbles there,
Than when you ſing the greens and opening glades,
And give us Harmony as well as Shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the Muſic too.

With vaſt variety thy pages ſhine;
A new creation ſtarts in every line.
How ſudden trees riſe to the reader's ſight,
And make a doubtful ſcene of ſhade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what ſweet confuſion reigns,
In dreary deſerts mix'd, with painted plains!
And ſee! the deſerts caſt a pleaſing gloom,
And ſhrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
Whilſt fruitful crops riſe by their barren ſide,
And bearded groves diſplay their annual pride.

Happy the man, who ſtrings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inſpire!
Thrice happy you! and worthy beſt to dwell
Amidſt the rural joys, you ſing ſo well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Weſtern beach attempt to chime.
O joyleſs flood! O rough tempeſtuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and ſolitudes obſcene!

Snatch me, ye Gods! from theſe Atlantic ſhores,
And ſhelter me in Windſor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-lov'd Iſis' walk convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.

Thence

let me view the venerable ſcene,
ful dome, the groves eternal green:
acred Hough long found his fam'd retreat,
ught the Muſes to the ſylvan ſeat,
d the wits, unlock'd the Claſſic ſtore,
de that Muſic which was noiſe before.
ith illuſtrious Bards I ſpent my days,
from cenſure, nor unknown to praiſe,
the bleſſings that his reign beſtow'd,
'd Windſor in the ſoft abode.
len minutes ſmoothly danc'd away,
eful Bards beguil'd the tedious day:
ng, nor ſung in vain, with numbers fir'd
ro taught, or Addiſon inſpir'd.
ſay'd to touch the trembling ſtring:
ld hear them, and not attempt to ſing?
d from theſe dreams by thy commanding ſtrain,
l wander through the field or plain;
y Muſe, from ſport to ſport I run,
ſtretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
v I melt with pity, when I ſpy
old earth the fluttering pheaſant lie!
y robes in dazzling lines appear,
y feather ſhines and varies there.
n I paſs the generous courſer by;
the prancing ſteed allures my eye,
he 's gone! and now I ſee him fly
and dales, and now I loſe the courſe,
he rapid ſight purſue the flying horſe.

Oh

Oh could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courſer that might match his own!
Fir'd with the ſport, and eager for the chace,
Lodona's murmurs ſtop me in the race.
Who can refuſe Lodona's melting tale?
The ſoft complaint ſhall over Time prevail;
The Tale be told, when ſhades forſake her ſhore,
The Nymph be ſung, when ſhe can flow no more.
Nor ſhall thy ſong, old Thames! forbear to ſhine,
At once the ſubject and the ſong divine.
Peace, ſung by thee, ſhall pleaſe ev'n Britons more
Than all their ſhouts for Victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy ſtream,
The world ſhould tremble at her awful name:
From various ſprings divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur, and enrich the iſle;
A while diſtinct through many channels run,
But meet at laſt, and ſweetly flow in one;
There joy to loſe their long-diſtinguiſh'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAP

T

To Mr. POPE,

By the Right Honourable

ANNE Counteſs of WINCHELLSEA.

THE Muſe, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extenſive is the Poet's aim,
And in each verſe he draws a bill on Fame.
For none have wit (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raiſe a Patron or a Friend;
But whatſoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themſelves foreſee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating Poems of the age,
Nor by injurious ſcruples think it fit,
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit:
But let their pens, to yours, the heralds prove,
Who ſtrive for you, as Greece for Homer ſtrove.
Whilſt he who beſt your Poetry aſſerts,
Aſſerts his own, by ſympathy of parts.
Me Panegyric verſe does not inſpire,
Who never well can praiſe what I admire,
Nor in thoſe lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counſel in your ear.
Go on, to gain applauſes by deſert;
Inform the head, whilſt you diſſolve the heart:
Inflame the ſoldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the ſage:

Allure,

Allure, with tender verſe, the Female race,
And give their darling paſſion, courtly grace.
Deſcribe the Foreſt ſtill in rural ſtrains,
With vernal ſweets freſh-breathing from the plains.
Your Tales be eaſy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the Poet in that part diſplay;
Nor let the Critic there his ſkill unfold,
For Boccace thus and Chaucer tales have told.
Sooth, as you only can, each different taſte,
And for the future charm as in the paſt.
Then, ſhould the verſe of every artful hand
Before your numbers eminently ſtand;
In you no vanity could thence be ſhown,
Unleſs, ſince ſhort in beauty of your own,
Some envious ſcribbler might in ſpight declare,
That for compariſon you plac'd them there.
But Envy could not againſt you ſucceed:
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read;
Cenſure or Praiſe muſt from ourſelves proceed.

To Mr. POPE.

By Miſs JUD. COWPER, afterwards Mrs. MADAN.

O POPE, by what commanding wondrous art,
Doſt thou each paſſion to each breaſt impart?
Our beating Hearts with ſprightly meaſures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapleſs Love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous ſtarts control,
Or gently ſooth to peace the troubled ſoul!

Graces

Graces till now that ſingly met our view,
And ſingly charm'd, unite at once in you:
A ſtyle polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctneſs, Homer's majeſty!
Soft Waller's eaſe, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenſer's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, Strength, Beauty, Genius ſhine,
While nervous Judgment guides each flowing Line.
No borrow'd Tinſel glitters o'er theſe Lays,
And to the Mind a falſe Delight conveys:
Throughout the whole with blended power is found,
The Weight of Senſe and Elegance of Sound.
A laviſh Fancy, Wit, and Force, and Fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal Lyre.
The matchleſs ſtrains our raviſh'd ſenſes charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully juſt the turns appear;
The language how majeſtically clear!
With energy divine each period ſwells,
And all the Bard th' inſpiring God reveals.
Loſt in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn,
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;
Where his rich waves fair Windſor's towers ſurround,
And bounteous ruſh amid poetic ground.
O Windſor! ſacred to thy bliſsful ſeats,
Thy ſylvan ſhades, the Muſes' lov'd retreats,
Thy riſing hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy ſunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Lodona's ſilver tides, that flow
Cold and unſullied as the mountain ſnow;

Whoſe virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her ſpotleſs waves ſhould ceaſe to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing ſtrains,
Still ſhall ſhe grace and range the verdant plains;
By him ſelected for the Muſes' theme,
Still ſhine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid ſtream.

Go on, and, with thy rare reſiſtleſs art,
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The ſpring and teſt of verſe unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Sooth with thy wonted eaſe and power divine,
Our ſouls, and our degenerate taſtes refine;
In judgment o'er our favourite follies ſit,
And ſoften Wiſdom's harſh reproofs to Wit.

Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy powerful hand;
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee riſe worthy of their ſacred ſource;
His ſpirit heighten'd, yet his ſenſe intire,
As Gold runs purer from the trying fire.
O, for a Muſe like thine, while I rehearſe,
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verſe!
Now light as air th' inlivening numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled Love,
Gay as the ſtreaks that ſtain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Meander's cryſtal Mirrours flow.

But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet courſers to the whirling car;
When the warm hero, with celeſtial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight,

From

s fierce eyes refulgent lightnings ſtream
emerging darts a golden gleam);
ı hoarſe verſe we ſee th' embattled foes;
loud ſtrain the fiery onſet glows;
ength redoubled here Achilles ſhines,
the battle thunders in thy lines.
: bright Magic of the Painter's hand,
:s, ſtreams, tall towers, and far-ſtretch'd plains,
command;
eading woods embrown the beauteous ſcene,
e wide landſcape ſmiles with livelier green,
ting glaſs reflects the diſtant ſky,
r the whole the glancing ſun-beams fly;
en, and diſcloſe the inmoſt ſhade;
n'd harveſt crowns the level glade.
n the artiſt does a work deſign,
older rage informs each breathing line;
ıe ſtretch'd cloth a rougher ſtroke receives,
ſar awful in the canvas lives;
ırt like laviſh Nature's ſelf ſupplies,
the limbs, and ſpirit to the Eyes;
v'n the paſſions of the mind are ſeen,
Soul ſpeaks in the exalted Mein;
ll is juſt, and regular, and great,
ı the mighty Maſter's ſkill, as boundleſs as complete.

Lord MIDDLESEX to Mr. POPE.

On reading Mr. ADDISON's Account of the Engliſh Poets.

IF all who e'er invok'd the tuneful Nine
In Addiſon's majeſtic numbers ſhine,
Why then ſhould Pope, ye bards, ye critics tell,
Remain unſung, who ſings himſelf ſo well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inſpire
With Waller's ſoftneſs, or with Milton's fire;
Whilſt I, the meaneſt of the Muſes' throng,
To thy juſt praiſes tune th' adventurous ſong.
How am I fill'd with rapture and delight
When gods and mortals, mix'd, ſuſtain the fight!
Like Milton then, though in more poliſh'd ſtrains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the ſmoaking plains.
What though archangel 'gainſt archangel arms,
And higheſt Heaven reſounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader with like dread ſurvey
The wounded gods repuls'd with foul diſmay?
But when ſome fair-one guides your ſofter verſe,
Her charms, her godlike features, to rehearſe;
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in ſmoother numbers charm.
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improv'd bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitleſs toil give o'er,
For ſtill king Tibbald ſcribbles as before;

Poc

ceſpeare ſuffers by his pen each day,
rubſtreet alleys own his lawful ſway.
ırn, my Muſe, thy quick, poetic eyes,
v gay ſcenes and opening proſpects riſe.
ow his ruſtic numbers charm around,
oves to groves, and hills to hills reſound.
ıing beaſts ſtand fearleſs as he ſings,
ls attentive cloſe their uſeleſs wings.
ns and ſatyrs trip it o'er the plain,
k old Spenſer is reviv'd again.
ı once more the godlike man begun
ſmooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
they gaze, and ſtruck with wonder ſay,
nſer's ſelf ne'er ſung ſo ſweet a lay:
: again Eliza glads the iſle,
kind Muſes thus propitious ſmile—
:e ye thus? Why all this wonder, ſwains?—
e that ſings, and Carolina reigns.
ıld, my Muſe! whoſe awkward verſe betrays
ıt of ſkill, nor ſhew the poet's praiſe;
:n, and leave ſome fitter bard to tell
e in every ſtrain can write, in every ſtrain excell.

To

To Mr. POPE.

On the publiſhing his WORKS.

HE comes, he comes! bid every Bard prepare
The ſong of triumph, and attend his Car.
Great Sheffield's Muſe the long proceſſion heads,
And throws a luſtre o'er the pomp ſhe leads,
Firſt gives the Palm ſhe fir'd him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and ſhews him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleas'd to behold the earneſt of a God.

But hark, what ſhouts, what gathering crouds rejoi
Unſtain'd their praiſe by any venal voice,
Such as th' Ambitious vainly think their due,
When Proſtitutes, or needy Flatterers ſue.
And ſee the Chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeſerving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb, and ſick'ning with deſpair,
Prone to the earth ſhe bends her loathing eye,
Weak to ſupport the blaze of majeſty.

But what are they that turn the ſacred page?
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age;
Intent they read, and all enamour'd ſeem,
As he that met his likeneſs in the ſtream:
The GRACES theſe; and ſee how they contend,
Who moſt ſhall praiſe, who beſt ſhall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful ſteep aſcends,
The Pæans ceaſe; thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple ſtands,
Its proſpect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous youth, what Column wilt thou chuſe,
What laurel'd Arch for thy triumphant Muſe?
Though each great Ancient court thee to his ſhrine,
Though every Laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to thoſe that ſhade
The gentler brow of the ſoft Leſbian maid)
Go to the Good and Juſt, an awful train,
Thy ſoul's delight, and glory of the Fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

[The verſes to Mr. Pope, by the Duke of Buckingham, Dr. Parnell, Mr. Broome, Mr. Fenton, and Lord Lyttelton, are inſerted among the Poems of their reſpective Authors.]

PRE-

THE

POEMS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS, and IMPROVEMENTS.

Printed verbatim from the Octavo Edition

OF

MR. WARBURTON.

—— " HORACE avec BOILEAU ;
" Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutiez le beau ;
" Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
" Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervale.
" Mais Pope approfondit ce q'ils ont effleuré ;
" D'un eſprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus aſſuré,
" Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'Etre,
" Et l'homme avec lui ſeul apprit à ſe connoitre.
" L'art quelquefois frivole et quelquefois divin,
" L'art des vers eſt dans POPE UTILE AU GENRE
" HUMAIN."

VOLTAIRE, au Roi de Pruſſe.

R E F A C E.

M inclined to think, that both the writers of
ɔks and the readers of them are generally not a
unreaſonable in their expectations. The firſt ſeem
cy that the world muſt approve of whatever they
ce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged
aſe them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one
no ſingle man is born with a right of controling
inions of all the reſt; ſo on the other, the world
title to demand, that the whole care and time of
articular perſon ſhould be ſacrificed to its enter-
nt. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers
aders are under equal obligations, for as much
or pleaſure, as each affords the other.

ry one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion
eſt perfection in any work of man: and yet one
think the contrary was taken for granted, by the
ent commonly paſſed upon Poems. A Critic
es he has done his part, if he proves a writer to
iled in an expreſſion, or erred in any particular
and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets, in
l, ſeem reſolved not to own themſelves in any
For as long as one ſide will make no allowances,
ter will be brought to no acknowledgments *.

I am

* the former editions it was thus—— "For as long
ne ſide deſpiſes a well-meant endeavour, the other
not be ſatisfied with a moderate approbation."—

But

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both ſides is placed; Poetry and Criticiſm being by no means univerſal concern of the world, but only the affai idle men who write in their cloſets, and of idle r who read there.

Yet ſure, upon the whole, a bad Author deſerves l ter uſage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeav for the moſt part, is to pleaſe his Readers, and he f merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; ſuch a Critic's is to put them out of humour; a del he could never go upon without both that and ar temper.

I think a good deal may be ſaid to extenuate the fa of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to diſtinguiſhed by a man himſelf, from a ſtrong incli tion: and if his genius be ever ſo great, he canno firſt diſcover it any other way, than by giving way that prevalent propenſity which renders him the m liable to be miſtaken. The only method he has, is make the experiment by writing, and appealing to judgment of others: now if he happens to write (which is certainly no ſin in itſelf), he is immediat made an object of ridicule. I wiſh we had the hun nity to reflect, that even the worſt authors might, their endeavour to pleaſe us, deſerve ſomething at hands. We have no cauſe to quarrel with them but their obſtinacy in perſiſting to write; and this too n

But the Author altered it, as theſe words were rathe conſequence from the concluſion he would draw, than conclusion itſelf, which he has now inſerted.

adr

admit of alleviating circumſtances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or inſincere; and the reſt of the world in general is too well-bred to ſhock them with a truth, which generally their Bookſellers are the firſt that inform them of. This happens not till they have ſpent too much of their time, to apply to any profeſſion which might better fit their talents; and till ſuch talents as they have are ſo far diſcredited as to be but of ſmall ſervice to them. For (what is the hardeſt caſe imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the firſt ſteps he makes in the world; and people will eſtabliſh their opinion of us, from what we do at that ſeaſon, when we have leaſt judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no ſooner communicates his works with the ſame deſire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may pleaſe the world, he falls under very unlucky circumſtances: for, from the moment he prints, he muſt expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If he has not very good ſenſe (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of ſenſe), his living thus in a courſe of flattery may put him in no ſmall danger of becoming a Coxcomb: if he has, he will conſequently have ſo much diffidence as not to reap any great ſatisfaction from his praiſe; ſince, if it be given to his face, it can ſcarce be diſtinguiſhed from flattery, and if in his ab-

ſence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he ſure to be commended by the beſt and moſt knowing, he is as ſure of being envied by the worſt and moſt ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine Genius, as with a fine faſhion, all thoſe are diſpleaſed at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that eſteem will ſeldom do any man ſo much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third claſs of people who make the largeſt part of mankind, thoſe of ordinary or indifferent capacities; and theſe (to a man) will hate, or ſuſpect him: a hundred honeſt Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent women as a Satiriſt. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he muſt give up all the reaſonable aims of life for it. There are indeed ſome advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of ſelf-amuſement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the beſt company; and the freedom of ſaying as many careleſs things as other people, without being ſo ſeverely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, ſhould contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would ſcarce be of their number on any conſideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the preſent ſpirit of the learned world is ſuch, that to attempt to ſerve it (any way) one muſt have the conſtancy of a martyr, and a reſolution to ſuffer for its ſake. I could wiſh people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much leſs concerned about Fame than

I durſt

I durſt declare till this occaſion, when methinks I ſhould find more credit than I could heretofore, ſince my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepoſſeſſing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as ſome merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for theſe Trifles by Prefaces, biaſſed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reaſons and pretences, or troubled with excuſes. I confeſs it was want of conſideration that made me an author; I writ becauſe it amuſed me; I corrected becauſe it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write; and I publiſhed becauſe I was told I might pleaſe ſuch as it was a credit to pleaſe. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondneſs for my productions to judge of them at firſt, and too much judgment to be pleaſed with them at laſt. But I have reaſon to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deſerves to do ſo: for they have always fallen ſhort not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of Poetry.

If any one ſhould imagine I am not in earneſt, I deſire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to ſay the leaſt of them) had as much genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They conſtantly applied themſelves not only to that art, but to that ſingle branch of an art, to which their talent was moſt powerfully bent; and it was the buſineſs of their lives to correct and finiſh their works for Poſterity. If we can

pretend to have uſed the ſame induſtry, let us expect the ſame immortality: Though if we took the ſame care, we ſhould ſtill lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became univerſal and everlaſting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmoſt we can hope, is but to be read in one Iſland, and to be thrown aſide at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients; and it will be found true, that, in every age, the higheſt character for ſenſe and learning has been obtained by thoſe who have been moſt indebted to them. For, to ſay truth, whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the ſenſe of our predeceſſors. Therefore they who ſay our thoughts are not our own, becauſe they reſemble the Ancients, may as well ſay our faces are not our own, becauſe they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreaſonable, that people ſhould expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us ſo.

I fairly confeſs that I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading; that I made uſe of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reaſon theſe pieces are not more correct, is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they and I have to live:

One

One may be aſhamed to conſume half one's days in bringing ſenſe and rhyme together; and what Critic can be ſo unreaſonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more ſerious employment, or more agreeable amuſement?

The only plea I ſhall uſe for the favour of the Public, is, that I have as great a reſpect for it, as moſt authors have for themſelves; and that I have ſacrificed much of my own ſelf-love for its ſake, in preventing not only many mean things from ſeeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like thoſe Authors, who forgive themſelves ſome particular lines for the ſake of a whole Poem, and *vice verſa* a whole Poem for the ſake of ſome particular lines. I believe, no one qualification is ſo likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it muſt be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have publiſhed, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deſerve to be praiſed. On this account the world is under ſome obligation to me, and owes me the juſtice in return, to look upon no verſes as mine that are not inſerted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really ſo, but to avoid the imputation of ſo many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been aſcribed to me. I muſt further acquit myſelf of the preſumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miſcellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a perſon who has hardly credit enough to anſwer for his own.

In

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest: the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which Time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a cafe of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my *works as to vindicate* them in print, believing, if any thing

thing was good, it would defend itſelf, and what was bad could never be defended. That I uſed no artifice to raiſe or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjuſt praiſe, inſulted no adverſary with ill-language; or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports againſt his Morals. To conclude, if this volume periſh, let it ſerve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to deſtroy ſuch things as will die of themſelves; and a Memento mori to ſome of my vain contemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the Public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

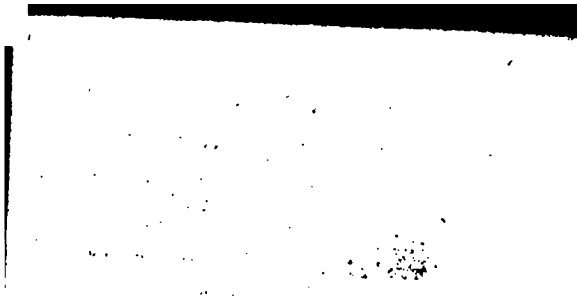
VARIATIONS in the Author's Manuſcript Preface.

AFTER page 6. l. 21. it followed thus: For my part, I confeſs, had I ſeen things in this view, at firſt, the Public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am ſenſible how difficult it is to ſpeak of one's ſelf with decency: but when a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf, the beſt way is to ſpeak truth of himſelf, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confeſſion of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, reſolving with the ſame freedom to expoſe myſelf,

ſelf, as it is in the power of any other to expoſe them. In the firſt place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly uſed, to make the whole courſe of life entertaining: "Cantantes licet uſque (minus via lædet)." It is a vaſt happineſs to poſſeſs the pleaſures of the head, the only pleaſures in which a man is ſufficient to himſelf, and the only part of him which, to his ſatisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muſes are "amicæ omnium horarum;" and, like our gay acquaintance, the beſt company in the world as long as one expects no real ſervice from them. I confeſs there was a time when I was in love with myſelf, and my firſt productions were the children of ſelf-love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myſelf the greateſt genius that ever was. I cannot but regret thoſe delightful viſions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we ſee when our eyes are ſhut, are vaniſhed for ever. Many trials, and ſad experience, have ſo undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loſs at what rate to value myſelf. As for fame, I ſhall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miſs; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myſelf, or even from wiſhing thoſe hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The ſenſe of my faults made me correct; beſides that it was as pleaſant to me to correct as to write.

At

At p. 8. l. 24. In the firſt place, I own that I have uſed my beſt endeavours to the finiſhing theſe pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, buſineſs, want of health, or any ſuch idle excuſes. But the true reaſon they are not yet more correct is owing to the conſideration how ſhort a time they, and I, have to live. A man that can expect but ſixty years, may be aſhamed to employ thirty in meaſuring ſyllables, and bringing ſenſe and rhyme together. We ſpend our youth in purſuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reſerve ſome of my time to ſave my ſoul; and that ſome wiſe men will be of my opinion, even if I ſhould think a part of it better ſpent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleaſing the critics.



PASTORALS,

WITH A

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

" Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
" Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!"

VIRG.

THE Paſtorals were written at the age of ſixteen, and then paſſed through the hands of Mr. Walſh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville, afterwards Lord Lanſdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Maynwaring, and others. All theſe gave our Author the greateſt encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walſh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Poſtſcript to Virgil, calls the beſt Critic of his age. "The Author (ſays he) ſeems to have a particular "genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that "much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely "from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his "own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has "taken from them. It is not flattery at all to ſay, that "Virgil had written nothing ſo good at his Age. His "Preface is very judicious and learned." Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Apr. 1705. The Lord Lanſdown about the ſame time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, ſays (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he has begun in "his Paſtoral way, as Virgil firſt tried his ſtrength, we "may hope to ſee Engliſh Poetry vie with the Ro-"man," &c. Notwithſtanding the early time of their production, the Author eſteemed theſe as the moſt correct in the verſification, and muſical in the numbers, of all his works. The reaſon for his labouring them into ſo much ſoftneſs, was, doubtleſs, that this ſort of poetry derives almoſt its whole beauty from a natural eaſe of thought and ſmoothneſs of verſe; whereas that of moſt other kinds conſiſts in the ſtrength and fullneſs of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walſh about this time, we find an enumeration of ſeveral niceties in Verſification, which perhaps have never been ſtrictly obſerved in any Engliſh poem, except in theſe Paſtorals. They were not printed till 1709.

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY*.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any ſort of verſes than of thoſe which are alled Paſtorals; nor a ſmaller, than of thoſe which are uly ſo. It therefore ſeems neceſſary to give ſome acount of this kind of Poem, and it is my deſign to comrize in this ſhort paper the ſubſtance of thoſe numerous iſſertations the Critics have made on the ſubject, without nitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will ſo find ſome points reconciled, about which they ſeem differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have eſcapl their obſervation.

The original of Poetry is aſcribed to that Age which ıceeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping f flocks ſeems to have been the firſt employment of ıankind, the moſt ancient ſort of Poetry was proably Paſtoral †. It is natural to imagine, that the iſure of thoſe ancient ſhepherds admitting and invitg ſome diverſion, none was ſo proper to that ſolitary

* Written at ſixteen years of age.
† Fontenelle's Diſc. on Paſtorals.

and ſedentary life as ſinging; and that in their ſongs they took occaſion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an eſteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the preſent. And ſince the life of ſhepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets choſe to introduce their Perſons, from whom it received the name of Paſtoral.

A Paſtoral is an imitation of the action of a ſhepherd, or one conſidered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both *; the fable ſimple, the manners not too polite nor too ruſtic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickneſs and paſſion, but that ſhort and flowing: the expreſſion humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; eaſy, and yet lively. In ſhort, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expreſſions, are full of the greateſt ſimplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem conſiſts in ſimplicity †, brevity, and delicacy; the two firſt of which render an Eclogue natural, and the laſt delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be uſeful to take this idea along with us, that Paſtoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to deſcribe our ſhepherds as ſhepherds at this day really are, but as they

* Heinſius in Theocr.
† Rapin, de Carm. Paſt. p. 2.

may

may be conceived then to have been; when the beſt of men followed the employment. To carry this reſemblance yet further, it would not be amiſs to give theſe ſhepherds ſome ſkill in aſtronomy, as far as it may be uſeful to that ſort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods ſhould ſhine through the Poem, which ſo viſibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preſerve ſome reliſh of the old way of writing; the connection ſhould be looſe, the narrations and deſcriptions ſhort *, and the periods conciſe. Yet it is not ſufficient, that the ſentences only be brief; the whole Eclogue ſhould be ſo too. For we cannot ſuppoſe Poetry in thoſe days to have been the buſineſs of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with reſpect to the preſent age, nothing more conduces to make theſe compoſures natural, than when ſome Knowledge in rural affairs is diſcovered †. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on deſign, and ſometimes is beſt ſhewn by inference; leſt by too much ſtudy to ſeem natural, we deſtroy that eaſy ſimplicity from whence ariſes the delight. For what is inviting in this ſort of poetry proceeds not ſo much from the Idea of that buſineſs, as the tranquillity of a country life.

We muſt therefore uſe ſome illuſion to render a Paſtoral delightful; and this conſiſts in expoſing the beſt ſide only of a ſhepherd's life, and in concealing its miſeries ‡.

* Rapin, Reflex. ſur l'Art Poet. d'Ariſt. p. 2. Reflex. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Paſt. in Dryd. Virg.

‡ Fontenelle's Diſc. of Paſtorals.

Nor is it enough to introduce ſhepherds diſcourſing together in a natural way; but a regard muſt be had to the ſubject; that it contain ſome particular beauty in itſelf, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Beſides, in each of them a deſigned ſcene or proſpect is to be preſented to our view, which ſhould likewiſe have its variety *. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent compariſons, drawn from the moſt agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digreſſions, but thoſe ſhort; ſometimes by inſiſting a little on circumſtances; and, laſtly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely ſweet and pleaſing. As for the numbers themſelves, though they are properly of the heroic meaſure, they ſhould be the ſmootheſt, the moſt eaſy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like theſe that we ought to judge of Paſtoral. And ſince the inſtructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they muſt of neceſſity be derived from thoſe in whom it is acknowledged ſo to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undiſputed authors of Paſtoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excells all others in nature and ſimplicity. The ſubjects of his Idyllia are purely paſtoral; but he is not ſo exact in his perſons, having introduced reapers † and fiſhermen as well as ſhepherds. He is apt

* See the forementioned Preface.

† ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

to

to be too long in his deſcriptions, of which that of the Cup in the firſt Paſtoral is a remarkable inſtance. In the manners he ſeems a little defective, for his ſwains are ſometimes abuſive and immodeſt, and perhaps too much inclining to ruſticity; for inſtance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his Dialect alone has a ſecret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much ſuperior to his maſter. Though ſome of his ſubjects are not paſtoral in themſelves, but only ſeem to be ſuch; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a ſtranger to *. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls ſhort of him in nothing but ſimplicity and propriety of ſtyle; the firſt of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the laſt of his language.

Among the moderns, their ſucceſs has been greateſt who have moſt endeavoured to make theſe ancients their pattern. The moſt conſiderable Genius appears in the famous Taſſo, and our Spenſer. Taſſo in his Aminta has as far excelled all the Paſtoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the Epic poets of his country. But as his piece ſeems to have been the original of a new ſort of poem, the Paſtoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot ſo well be conſidered as a copy of the

* Rapin, Refl. on Ariſt. part ii. Refl. xxvii.——Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

ancients. Spenſer's Calendar, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the moſt complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever ſince the time of Virgil *. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in ſome few points. His Eclogues are ſomewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is ſometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a paſtoral ſtyle, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric meaſure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His ſtanza is not ſtill the ſame, nor always well choſen. This laſt may be the reaſon his expreſſion is ſometimes not conciſe enough: for the Tetraſtic has obliged him to extend his ſenſe to the length of four lines, which would have been more cloſely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himſelf; though, notwithſtanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was uſed in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greateſt perſons: whereas the old Engliſh and country phraſes of Spenſer were either entirely obſolete, or ſpoken only by people of the loweſt condition. As there is a difference betwixt ſimplicity and ruſticity, ſo the expreſſion of ſimple thoughts ſhould be plain, but not clowniſh. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; ſince by this, beſides the general moral of

* Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

innocence

innocence and ſimplicity, which is common to other authors of Paſtoral, he has one peculiar to himſelf; he compares human Life to the ſeveral Seaſons, and at once expoſes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aſpects. Yet the ſcrupulous diviſion of his Paſtorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the ſame deſcription, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhauſted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to paſs that ſome of his Eclogues (as the ſixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their Titles to diſtinguiſh them. The reaſon is evident, becauſe the year has not that variety in it to furniſh every month with a particular deſcription, as it may every ſeaſon.

Of the following Eclogues I ſhall only ſay, that theſe four comprehend all the ſubjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for paſtoral: That they have as much variety of deſcription, in reſpect of the ſeveral ſeaſons, as Spenſer's: That, in order to add to this variety, the ſeveral times of the day are obſerved, the rural employments in each ſeaſon or time of day, and the rural ſcenes or places proper to ſuch employments; not without ſome regard to the ſeveral ages of man, and the different paſſions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to ſome good old Authors, whoſe works as I had leiſure to ſtudy, ſo, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL, OR DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in theſe fields I try the ſylvan ſtrains,
Nor bluſh to ſport on Windſor's bliſsful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy ſacred ſpring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muſes ſing;
Yet vernal airs through trembling oſiers play,
And Albion's cliffs reſound the rural lay.
You that, too wiſe for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boaſt,
To all the world illuſtriouſly are loſt!
O let my Muſe her ſlender reed inſpire,
Till in your native ſhades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken groves,
But charm'd to ſilence, liſtens while ſhe ſings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks ſhook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muſe,

Pour'd

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Freſh as the morn, and as the ſeaſon fair:
The dawn now bluſhing on the mountain's ſide,
Thus Daphnis ſpoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy ſpray,
With joyous muſic wake the dawning day!
Why ſit we mute, when early linnets ſing,
When warbling Philomel ſalutes the ſpring?
Why ſit we ſad, when Phoſphor ſhines ſo clear,
And laviſh Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon ſhall attend the ſtrain,
While yon' ſlow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here weſtern winds on breathing roſes blow.
I'll ſtake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing ſhade ſurveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines:
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve fair ſigns in beauteous order lie?

DA-

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 34. The firſt reading was,
And his own image from the bank ſurveys.
Ver. 36. And cluſters lurk beneath the curling vines.

DAMON.

n ſing by turns, by turns the Muſes ſing,
awthorns bloſſom, now the daiſies ſpring,
eaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground;
the vales ſhall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

ire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!
k-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,
threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.

DAPHNIS.

ove! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
nake my tongue victorious as her eyes;
nbs or ſheep for victims I'll impart,
ictim, Love, ſhall be the ſhepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
igns a laugh, to ſee me ſearch around,
y that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
ns, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
nuch at variance are her feet and eyes!

STRE-

VARIATIONS.

9. Originally thus in the MS.
, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Parian ſtone thy ſtatue will I raiſe;
if I conquer and augment my fold,
Parian ſtatue ſhall be chang'd to gold.

STREPHON.

O'er golden ſands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bleſt Thames's ſhores the brighteſt beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I'll ſeek no diſtant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celeſtial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windſor ſhades delight the matchleſs maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windſor-ſhade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the ſkies relent in ſhowers;
Huſh'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flowers;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The ſkies to brighten, and the birds to ſing.

DAPH-

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 61. It ſtood thus at firſt:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boaſt,
Her purple wool the proud Aſſyrian coaſt,
Bleſt Thames's ſhores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.

Go, flowery wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compar'd to thine how bright her beauties ſhow:
Then die; and dying, teach the lovely maid
How ſoon the brighteſt beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods ſo long,
Of Amaryllis learn a ſweeter ſong:
To Heav'n ariſing then her notes convey,
For Heav'n alone is worthy ſuch a lay.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are freſh and fair,
The ſun's mild luſtre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia ſmiles, new glories gild the ſhore,
And vanquiſh'd nature ſeems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove,
But Delia always; abſent from her ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
E'en ſpring diſpleaſes, when ſhe ſhines not here;
But, bleſs'd with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, ſay, in what glad ſoil appears,
A wondrous Tree that ſacred Monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll diſclaim the prize,
And give the conqueſt to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me firſt, in what more happy fields
The Thiſtle ſprings, to which the Lily yields:
And

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 69. &c. Theſe verſes were thus at firſt:

All nature mourns, the birds their ſongs deny,
Nor waſted brooks the thirſty flowers ſupply;
If Delia ſmile, the flowers begin to ſpring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to ſing.

And then a nobler prize I will reſign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, ſhall be thine.

DAMON.

Ceaſe to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bleſt Swains, whoſe Nymphs in every grace excell;
Bleſt Nymphs, whoſe Swains thoſe graces ſing ſo well!
Now riſe, and haſte to yonder woodbine bowers,
A ſoft retreat from ſudden vernal ſhowers;
The turf with rural dainties ſhall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuſe their ſweets around.
For ſee! the gathering flocks to ſhelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful ſhowers deſcend.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties ſhall be ſpread,
And trees with twining branches ſhade your head.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL, OR ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's Boy (he ſeeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the ſilver Thame,
Where dancing ſun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering ſhade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the ſtreams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compaſſion ſhow,
The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove conſented in a ſilent ſhower.
Accept, O Garth, the Muſe's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the firſt edition:

A faithful ſwain, whom Love had taught to ſing,
Bewail'd his fate beſide a ſilver ſpring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Thro' verdant foreſts, and thro' flowery meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapleſs love,
And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the ſole diſeaſe thou canſt not cure.
Ye ſhady beeches, and ye cooling ſtreams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I ſing,
The woods ſhall anſwer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating ſheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The ſultry Sirius burns the thirſty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where ſtray ye, Muſes, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeleſs love?
In thoſe fair fields where ſacred Iſis glides,
Or elſe-where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the cryſtal ſpring I view my face,
Freſh riſing bluſhes paint the watery glaſs;
But ſince thoſe graces pleaſe thy eyes no more,
I ſhun the fountains which I ſought before.
Once I was ſkill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched ſhepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 27.

Oft in the cryſtal ſpring I caſt a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glaſs be true;
But ſince thoſe graces meet my eyes no more,
I ſhun, &c.

Let other ſwains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces ſheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inſpir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He ſaid; Alexis, take this pipe, the ſame
That taught the groves my Roſalinda's name:
But now the reeds ſhall hang on yonder tree,
For ever ſilent, ſince deſpis'd by thee.
O! were I made by ſome transforming power
The captive bird that ſings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy liſtening ears employ,
And I thoſe kiſſes he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers pleaſe the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the ſong:
The Nymphs, forſaking every cave and ſpring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all beſtow'd again,
For you the ſwains the faireſt flowers deſign,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deſerve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in ſylvan ſcenes appear!
Deſcending Gods have found Elyſium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis ſtray'd,
And chaſte Diana haunts the foreſt ſhade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bleſs the ſilent hours,
When ſwains from ſheering ſeek their nightly bowers;

When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmleſs grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breaſt the ſerpent Love abides.
Here bees from bloſſoms ſip the roſy dew,
But your Alexis knows no ſweets but you.
Oh deign to viſit our forſaken ſeats,
The moſſy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales ſhall fan the glade,
Trees, where you ſit, ſhall croud into a ſhade:
Where'er you tread, the bluſhing flowers ſhall riſe,
And all things flouriſh where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to paſs my days,
Invoke the Muſes, and reſound your praiſe!
Your praiſe the birds ſhall chant in every grove,
And winds ſhall waft it to the powers above.
But would you ſing, and rival Orpheus' ſtrain,
The wondering foreſts ſoon ſhould dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong ſtreams hang liſtening in their fall!
But ſee, the ſhepherds ſhun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
To cloſer ſhades the panting flocks remove;
Ye gods! and is there no relief for Love?
But

VARIATION.

Ver. 79, 80.

Your praiſe the tuneful birds to heaven ſhall bear,
And liſtening wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verſes were originally written: But the author, young as he was, ſoon found the abſurdity, which Spenſer himſelf overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

on the ſun with milder rays deſcends
cool ocean, where his journey ends:
Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
ht he ſcorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATION.

. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL,

OR

HYLAS and ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the ſhade a ſpreading beech diſplays,
Hylas and Ægon ſung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithleſs, that an abſent love:
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your ſacred ſuccour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I ſing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inſpire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whoſe ſenſe inſtructs us, and whoſe humour charms,
Whoſe judgment ſways us, and whoſe ſpirit warms!
Oh, ſkill'd in Nature! ſee the hearts of Swains,
Their artleſs paſſions, and their tender pains.
Now ſetting Phœbus ſhone ſerenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were ſtreak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.

As

ſad Turtle his loſt love deplores,
th deep murmurs fills the ſounding ſhores;
far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
nheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.
gentle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
the feather'd quires neglect their ſong:
the limes their pleaſing ſhades deny;
the lilies hang their heads, and die.
ers that droop, forſaken by the ſpring,
that, left by ſummer, ceaſe to ſing,
that fade when autumn heats remove,
not abſence death to thoſe who love;
gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
e the fields that cauſe my Delia's ſtay;
ry bloſſom, wither every tree,
y flower, and periſh all, but ſhe.
ve I ſaid? where'er my Delia flies,
g attend, and ſudden flowers ariſe!
ing roſes knotted oaks adorn,
uid amber drop from every thorn.
entle gales, and bear my ſighs along!
's ſhall ceaſe to tune their evening ſong,
ds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
ams to murmur, ere I ceaſe to love.
pling fountains to the thirſty ſwain,
ıy ſleep to labourers faint with pain,
ers to larks, or ſun-ſhine to the bee,
ſo charming as thy ſight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my ſighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia ſounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleaſing frenzy ſooths my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now ceaſe my lay,
And ceaſe, ye gales, to bear my ſighs away!
Next Ægon ſung, while Windſor groves admir'd;
Rehearſe, ye Muſes, what yourſelves inſpir'd.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, leſſening as they riſe,
Loſe the low vales, and ſteal into the ſkies;
While labouring oxen, ſpent with toil and heat,
In their looſe traces from the field retreat:
While curling ſmoaks from village-tops are ſeen,
And the fleet ſhades glide o'er the duſky green.
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft we paſt the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
While ſhe with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and ſo my hopes decay.

Re-

VARIATION.

Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him through Libya's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal ſnow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldneſs but in Thyrſis' heart.

Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
Now golden fruits on loaded branches ſhine,
And grateful cluſters ſwell with floods of wine;
Now bluſhing berries paint the yellow grove;
Juſt gods! ſhall all things yield returns but love!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
The ſhepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,
Who loſt my heart while I preſerv'd my ſheep.
Pan came, and aſk'd, what magic caus'd my ſmart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful ſtrains!
I'll fly from ſhepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From ſhepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forſake mankind, and all the world—but love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee ſuck, and ſavage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!
Reſound, ye hills, reſound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff ſhall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more reſound my ſtrains!
Thus ſung the ſhepherds till th' approach of night,
The ſkies yet bluſhing with departing light,
When falling dews with ſpangles deck'd the glade,
And the low ſun had lengthen'd every ſhade.

WINTER.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL, OR DAPHNE.

To the Memory of MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the muſic of that murmuring ſpring
Is not ſo mournful as the ſtrains you ſing.
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So ſweetly warble, or ſo ſmoothly flow.
Now ſleeping flocks on their ſoft fleeces lie,
The moon, ſerene in glory, mounts the ſky,
While ſilent birds forget their tuneful lays,
O ſing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praiſe!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that ſhine with ſilver froſt,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure loſt.
Here ſhall I try the ſweet Alexis' ſtrain,
That call'd the liſtening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving ſong.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moiſture yield,
And ſwell the future harveſt of the field.

Begin;

iis charge the dying Daphne gave,
" Ye ſhepherds, ſing around my grave!"
le beſide the ſhaded tomb I mourn,
freſh bays her rural ſhrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

tle Muſes, leave your cryſtal ſpring,
ɔhs and Sylvans cypreſs garlands bring;
ıg Loves, the ſtream with myrtles hide,
k your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
your golden darts, now uſeleſs grown,
verſe on this relenting ſtone:
ure change, let heaven and earth deplore,
ıphne's dead, and Love is now no more!"
ne, and nature's various charms decay:
ıy clouds obſcure the chearful day!
ɜ with pearls the dropping trees appear,
ed honours ſcatter'd on her ɔier.
, on earth, the flowery glories lie,
they flouriſh'd, and with her they die.
avail the beauties nature wore?
ne's dead, and Beauty is no more!
the flocks refuſe their verdant food,
y heifers ſhun the gliding flood,
ſwans her hapleſs fate bemoan,
ıore ſad than when they ſing their own;
caves ſweet Echo ſilent lies,
only to her name replies;

Her

VARIATION.

Originally thus in the MS.
ne, and nature's chang'd ſince you are gone;
the *clouds* have " put their mourning on."

Her name with pleaſure once ſhe taught the ſhore,
Now Daphne's dead, and Pleaſure is no more!
No grateful dews deſcend from evening ſkies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers ariſe;
No rich perfumes refreſh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incenſe yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath;
Th' induſtrious bees neglect their golden ſtore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetneſs is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne ſings,
Shall, liſtening in mid air, ſuſpend their wings;
No more the birds ſhall imitate her lays,
Or, huſh'd with wonder, hearken from the ſprays:
No more the ſtreams their murmurs ſhall forbear,
A ſweeter muſic than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal ſhore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Muſic is no more!
Her fate is whiſper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in ſighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the ſilver flood:
The ſilver flood, ſo lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new paſſion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!
But ſee! where Daphne wondering mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the ſtarry ſky!
Eternal beauties grace the ſhining ſcene,
Fields ever freſh, and groves for ever green!

Ther

There while you reſt in Amaranthine bowers,
Or from thoſe meads ſelect unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddeſs, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things liſten, while thy Muſe complains!
Such ſilence waits on Philomela's ſtrains,
In ſome ſtill evening, when the whiſpering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed,
If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.
While plants their ſhade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praiſe, ſhall live!

THYRSIS.

But ſee, Orion ſheds unwholeſome dews;
Ariſe, the pines a noxious ſhade diffuſe;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we muſt Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, ſtreams, and groves,
Adieu, ye ſhepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye ſylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

MES-

VARIATION.

Ver. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While vapours riſe, and driving ſnows deſcend,
Thy honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall never end.

NOTE.

Ver. 89, &c.] Theſe four laſt lines allude to the ſeveral ſubjects of the four Paſtorals, and to the ſeveral ſcenes of them particularized before in each.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

Advertiſement.

IN reading ſeveral paſſages of the prophet Iſaiah, which foretell the coming of Chriſt, and the felicities attending it, I could not but obſerve a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and thoſe in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not ſeem ſurpriſing, when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the ſame ſubject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line for line; but ſelected ſuch ideas as beſt agreed with the nature of paſtoral poetry, and diſpoſed them in that manner which ſerved moſt to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the ſame in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; ſince it was written with this particular view that the reader, by comparing the ſeveral thoughts might ſee how far the images and deſcriptions of the Prophet are ſuperior to thoſe of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I ſhall ſubjoin the paſſages of Iſaiah, and thoſe of Virgil, under the ſame diſadvantage of a literal tranſlation.

MESSIAH.

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains, and the ſylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. A Virgin ſhall conceive—All crimes ſhall ceaſe, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is ſent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, ſhall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He ſhall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father."

ISAIAH;

From * Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flower with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Ye † Heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhower!
The ‡ ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.
All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient frauds ſhall fail;
Returning § Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe the expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:

See

IMITATIONS.

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. ver. 14. "Behold a Virgin ſhal
"conceive and bear a Son.—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7. Un
"to us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given; th
"Prince of Peace: of the increaſe of his government
"and of his peace, there ſhall be no end: Upon th
"throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to orde
"and to eſtabliſh it, with judgment and with juſtice
"for ever and ever."

Ver. 23. See Nature haſtes, &c.] Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuſcula cultu,
Errantes hederas paſſim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocaſia fundet acantho—
Ipſa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"Fo

* Iſai. xi. ver. 1. † Ch. xlv. ver. 8. ‡ Ch. xxv
ver. 4. § Ch. ix. ver. 7.

:e * lofty Lebanon his head advance,
:e nodding foreſts on the mountains dance:
:e ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
nd Carmel's flowery top perfumes the ſkies!
ark! a glad voice the lonely deſert chears;
repare the † way! a God, a God appears:
A God,

IMITATIONS.

" For thee, O Child, ſhall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocaſſia with ſmiling Acanthus. Thy cradle ſhall pour forth pleaſing flowers about thee."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxi. ver. 1. " The wilderneſs and the ſolitary place ſhall be glad, and the deſert ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe." Ch. lx. ver. 13. " The glory of Lebanon ſhall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy ſanctuary."

Ver. 29. Hark! a glad voice, &c.

irg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara deûm ſoboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—

cl. v. ver. 62.

Ipſi lætitiâ voces ad ſidera jactant
Intonſi montes, ipſæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipſa ſonant arbuſta, Deus, Deus ille Menalca!

" O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increaſe of Jove! The uncultivated mountains ſend ſhouts of joy to the ſtars, the very rocks ſing in verſe, the very ſhrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

ISAIAH, Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4. " The voice of him that cryeth in the wilderneſs, Prepare ye the way of the

* Ch. xxxv. ver. 2. † Ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye vallies, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The † dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur, the wide world ſhall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In § adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good || ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
Explores the loſt, the wandering ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,

The

IMITATIONS.

" Lord! make ſtraight in the deſert a high-way for our " God! Every valley ſhall be exalted, and every moun- " tain and hill ſhall be made low, and the crooked ſhall " be made ſtraight, and the rough places plain." Ch. iv. ver. 23. " Break forth into ſinging, ye moun- " tains; O foreſt, and every tree therein! for the Lord " hath redeemed Iſrael."

† *Ch. xliii.* ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. § Ch. *xxv. ver. 8.* || Ch. xl. ver. 11.

he tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
eds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
hus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
he promis'd * father of the future age.
o more ſhall † nation againſt nation riſe,
or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
or fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
he brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
ut uſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
nd the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
hen palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ‡ Son
hall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun;
heir vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
nd the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
he ſwain in barren § deſerts with ſurprize,
ees lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;

And

IMITATIONS.

er. 67. The ſwain in barren deſerts]. Virg. E. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flaveſcet campus ariſtâ,
Incultiſque rubens pendebit ſentibus uva:
Et duræ quercus ſudabunt roſcida mella.

" The fields ſhall grow yellow with ripened ears, and
' the red grape ſhall hang upon the wild brambles, and
' the hard oaks ſhall diſtil honey like dew."

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. ver. 7. " The parched ground
' ſhall become a pool, and the thirſty land ſprings of
' water: In the habitations where dragons lay, ſhall
' be graſs, and reeds and ruſhes." Ch. lv. ver. 13.
' Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and
' inſtead of the briar ſhall come up the myrtle-tree."

* Ch. ix. ver. 6. † Ch. ii. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. lxv. ver. 21, 22. § Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy * valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn:
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flowery palms ſucceed,
And odorous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The † lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ‡ ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 77. The lambs with wolves, &c.] Virg. E. iv. ver. 21.

Ipſæ lacte domum referent diſtenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—

"The goats ſhall bear to the fold their udders diſ-
"tended with milk: nor ſhall the herds be afraid of
"the greateſt lions. The ſerpent ſhall die, and the
"herb that conceals poiſon ſhall die."

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. ver. 6, &c. "The wolf ſhall dwell
"with the lamb, and the leopard ſhall lie down with
"the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fat-
"ling together; and a little child ſhall lead them.—And
"the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. And the ſucking
"child ſhall play on the hole of the aſp, and the wean-
"ed child ſhall put his hand on the den of the cocka-
"trice."

* *Ch. xli. ver.* 19. and Ch. lv. ver. 13. † Ch. xi. *ver. 6, 7, 8.* ‡ Ch. lxv. ver. 25.

The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial * Salem riſe!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long † race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on every ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barbarous ‡ nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of § Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy forests blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 85. Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!] The thoughts of Iſaiah, which compoſe the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above thoſe general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftieſt part of his Pollio.

Magnis ab integro ſæclorum naſcitur ordo!
—toto ſurget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menſes!
Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the paſſages of Iſaiah, here cited.

* Ch. lx. ver. 1. † Ch. lx. ver. 4. ‡ Ch. lx. ver. 3. § Ch. lx. ver. 6.

No more the rising ‖ Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ¶ ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving power remains;
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

‖ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.
¶ Ch. li. ver. 6. and Ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR-

INDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

n injuſſa cano: Te noſtræ, Vare, myricæ,
Nemus omne canet: nec Phœbo gratior ulla eſt,
am ſibi quæ Vari præſcripſit pagina nomen."

VIRG.

THIS Poem was written at two different times: the firſt part of it, which relates to the country in the year 1704, at the ſame time with the Paſtorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publiſhed.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY foreſts, Windſor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſe's ſeats,
Invite my lays. Be preſent, ſylvan maids!
Unlock your ſprings, and open all your ſhades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muſes, bring!
What Muſe for Granville can refuſe to ſing?

The groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in deſcription, and look green in ſong;
Theſe, were my breaſt inſpir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, ſhould be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water ſeem to ſtrive again;
Not Chaos-like together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniouſly confus'd:
Where order in variety we ſee,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd ſcene diſplay,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 3. &c. Originally thus,

Chaſte goddeſs of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your ſprings——

As ſome coy nymph her lover's warm addreſs
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees ariſe that ſhun each other's ſhades.
Here in full light the ruſſet plains extend:
There, wrapt in clouds the bluiſh hills aſcend.
Ev'n the wild heath diſplays her purple dyes,
And 'midſt the deſert, fruitful fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and ſpringing corn,
Like verdant iſles the ſable waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which thoſe trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler ſight,
Though Gods aſſembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here bluſhing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving proſpect ſtand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not

VARIATION.

Ver. 25. Originally thus;

Why ſhould I ſing our better ſuns or air,
Whoſe vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While thro' freſh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or ſpread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Not thus the land appear'd in ages paſt,
A dreary deſert, and a gloomy waſte,
To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they;
Who claim'd the ſkies, diſpeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waſte, they ſtorm'd the dens and caves
(For wiſer brutes were backward to be ſlaves).
What could be free, when lawleſs beaſts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a Tyrant ſway'd?
In vain kind ſeaſons ſwell'd the teeming grain,
Soft ſhowers diſtill'd, and ſuns grew warm in vain;
The ſwain with tears his fruſtrate labour yields,
And famiſh'd dies amidſt his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beaſt or ſubject ſlain
Were equal crimes in a deſpotic reign?
Both doom'd alike for ſportive Tyrants bled,
But, while the ſubject ſtarv'd, the beaſt was fed.
Proud Nimrod firſt the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boaſts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling ſlaves the royal game.

The

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.
From towns laid waſte, to dens and caves they ran
(For who firſt ſtoop'd to be a ſlave was man).
Ver. 57, &c.
No wonder ſavages or ſubjects ſlain —
But ſubjects ſtarv'd, while ſavages were fed.
It was originally thus, but the word Savages is not properly applied to beaſts but to men; which occaſioned the alteration,

The fields are raviſh'd from th' induſtrious ſwains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns claſping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin ſtalk'd the ſtately hind;
The fox obſcene to gaping tombs retires,
And ſavage howlings fill the ſacred quires.
Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curſt,
Th' Oppreſſor rul'd tyrannic where he durſt,
Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,
And ſerv'd alike his Vaſſals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon ſpar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his ſport remain.
But ſee, the man who ſpacious regions gave
A waſte for beaſts, himſelf deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his ſecond hope ſurvey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the foreſt like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the ſubjects cries,
Nor ſaw diſpleas'd the peaceful cottage riſe.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er ſandy wilds were yellow harveſts ſpread,
The foreſts wonder'd at th' unuſual grain,
And ſecret tranſport touch'd the conſcious ſwain.

Fair

VARIATION.

Ver. 72. And wolves with howling fill, &c.] The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddeſs, rears
Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vigorous ſwains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer ſpirits ſwell the ſprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beſet,
Wind the ſhrill horn, or ſpread the waving net.
When milder autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready ſpaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd cloſe he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they truſt th' unfaithful field beſet,
Till hovering o'er them ſweeps the ſwelling net.
Thus (if ſmall things we may with great compare)
When Albion ſends her eager ſons to war,

Some

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign maſter's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curſe a future age!
Still ſpread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the ſprings,

Ver. 97.

When yellow autumn ſummer's heat ſucceeds,
And into wine the purple harveſt bleeds,
The partridge feeding in the new-ſhorn fields,
Both morning ſports and ev'ning pleaſure yields.

Ver. 107. It ſtood thus in the firſt edition:

Pleas'd, in the General's ſight, the hoſt lie down
Sudden before ſome unſuſpecting town;
The young, the old, one inſtant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's ſtandard flies.

Some thoughtleſs Town, with eaſe and plenty bleſt,
Near and more near, the cloſing lines inveſt;
Sudden they ſeize th' amaz'd, defenceleſs prize,
And high in air Britannia's ſtandard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheaſant ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground,
Ah! what avail his gloſſy, varying dies,
His purple creſt, and ſcarlet circled eyes,
The vivid green his ſhining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breaſt that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the ſky,
The woods and fields their pleaſing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare
(Beaſts, urg'd by us, their fellow beaſts purſue,
And learn of man each other to undo):
With ſlaughtering guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
When froſts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafleſs trees o'erſhade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a ſhort thunder breaks the frozen ſky:
Oft, as in airy rings they ſkim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death:

Oft,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 126. O'er ruſtling leaves around the naked groves.
Ver. 129. The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.

Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial ſpring, beneath the quivering ſhade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fiſher takes his ſilent ſtand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous ſtreams a various race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The ſilver eel, in ſhining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in ſcales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diverſify'd with crimſon ſtains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watery plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth ruſh eager to the ſylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the foreſt walks ſurround,
Rouze the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courſer pants in every vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſs'd,
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
See the bold youth ſtrain up the threatening ſteep,
Ruſh through the thickets, down the valleys ſweep,
Hang o'er their courſers heads with eager ſpeed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying ſteed.
Let old Arcadia boaſt her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntreſs, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windſor! ſince thy ſhades have ſeen
As bright a Goddeſs, and as chaſte a QUEEN;

Whoſe

Whoſe care, like her's, protects the ſylvan reign,
The Earth's fair light, and Empreſs of the main.
Here, too, 'tis ſung, of old Diana ſtray'd,
And Cynthus' top forſook for Windſor ſhade;
Here was ſhe ſeen o'er airy waſtes to rove,
Seek the clear ſpring, or haunt the pathleſs grove;
Here arm'd with ſilver bows, in early dawn,
Her buſkin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.
Above the reſt a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion caſt,
The Muſe ſhall ſing, and what ſhe ſings ſhall laſt).
Scarce could the Goddeſs from her nymph be known,
But by the creſcent, and the golden zone.
She ſcorn'd the praiſe of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waiſt, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her ſhoulder ſounds,
And with her dart the flying deer ſhe wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chace, the maid
Beyond the foreſt's verdant limits ſtray'd,
Pan ſaw and lov'd, and burning with deſire
Purſued her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid ſky;
Not half ſo ſwiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the God ſhe flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now fainting, ſinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now cloſe behind, his ſounding ſteps ſhe hears;

And

r his ſhadow reach'd her as ſhe ran;
w lengthen'd by the ſetting ſun;
r his ſhorter breath, with ſultry air,
her neck, and fans her parting hair.
n father Thames ſhe calls for aid,
d Diana help her injur'd maid.
eathleſs, thus ſhe pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
ynthia! ah—though baniſh'd from thy train,
, O let me, to the ſhades repair,
tive ſhades—there weep, and murmur there."
and, melting as in tears ſhe lay,
ſilver ſtream diſſolv'd away.
r ſtream her virgin coldneſs keeps,
murmurs, and for ever weeps;
s the name the hapleſs virgin bore,
ies the foreſt where ſhe rang'd before.
aſte current oft the Goddeſs laves,
i celeſtial tears augments the waves.
r glaſs the muſing ſhepherd ſpies
llong mountains and the downward ſkies,
ry landſkip of the pendant woods,
nt trees that tremble in the floods;
ar azure gleam the flocks are ſeen,
ting foreſts paint the waves with green;
the fair ſcene roll ſlow the lingering ſtreams,
ming pour along, and ruſh into the Thames.
too, great father of the Britiſh floods!
ful pride ſurvey'ſt our lofty woods;
wering oaks their growing honours rear,
ire navies on thy ſhores appear,

Not Neptune's ſelf from all her ſtreams receives
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.
No ſeas ſo rich, ſo gay no banks appear,
No lake ſo gentle, and no ſpring ſo clear.
Nor Po ſo ſwells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the ſkies his current ſtrays,
As thine, which viſits Windſor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the manſion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his ſtars above a luſtre ſhow,
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, ſubdued by mortal paſſion ſtill,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,
His Sovereign favours, and his Country loves:
Happy next him, who to theſe ſhades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muſe inſpires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet pleaſe,
Succeſſive ſtudy, exerciſe, and eaſe.
He gathers health from herbs the foreſt yields,
And of their fragrant phyſic ſpoils the fields:
With chemic arts exalt the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic ſouls of flowers:

Nov

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 233. It ſtood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove 's a lover ſtill,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.

Happy the man, who to the ſhades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muſe inſpires!
Bleſt whom the ſweets of home-felt quiet pleaſe;
But far more bleſt, who ſtudy joins with eaſe.

marks the courſe of rolling orbs on high;
figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
ncient writ unlocks the learned ſtore,
ults the dead, and lives paſt ages o'er:
andering thoughtful in the ſilent wood,
nds the duties of the wife and good,
bſerve a mean, be to himſelf a friend,
ollow nature, and regard his end;
ooks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
his free ſoul expatiate in the ſkies,
d her kindred ſtars familiar roam,
ey the region, and confeſs her home!
was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
s Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.
e ſacred Nine! that all my ſoul poſſeſs,
ſe raptures fire me, and whoſe viſions bleſs,
me, oh bear me to ſequeſter'd ſcenes,
bowery mazes, and ſurrounding greens;
Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
here ye Muſes ſport on Cooper's Hill
Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths ſhall grow,
le laſts the mountain, or while Thames ſhall flow):
m through conſecrated walks to rove,
ir ſoft muſic die along the grove:

Led

VARIATION.

267. It ſtood thus in the MS.

ethinks around your holy ſcenes I rove,
nd hear your muſic echoing through the grove:
ith tranſport viſit each inſpiring ſhade
God-like Poets venerable made.

Led by the ſound, I roam from ſhade to ſhade,
By god-like poets venerable made:
Here his firſt lays majeſtic Denham ſung;
There the laſt numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early loſt! what tears the river ſhed,
When the ſad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping ſwans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muſe's lyre.
Since fate relentleſs ſtopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the foreſts ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now ſhall charm the ſhades, where Cowley ſtrung
His living harp, and lofty Denham ſung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the foreſt rings!
Are theſe reviv'd? or is it Granville ſings!
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bleſs our ſoft retreats,
And call the Muſes to their ancient ſeats;
To paint anew the flowery ſylvan ſcenes,
To crown the foreſts with immortal greens,
Make Windſor hills in lofty numbers riſe,
And lift her turrets nearer to the ſkies;
To ſing thoſe honours you deſerve to wear,
And add new luſtre to her ſilver ſtar.

Here

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 275.

What ſighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal ſhore!
His tuneful ſwans were heard to ſing no more.

Ver. 290. her ſilver ſtar.] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the concluſion, were theſe,

My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flowery plains;

Where

Here noble Surrey felt the ſacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchleſs his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the liſts, and graceful in the dance:
In the ſame ſhades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
To the ſame notes, of love, and ſoft deſire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
  Oh would'ſt thou ſing what heroes Windſor bore,
What kings firſt breath'd upon her winding ſhore,
Or raiſe old warriors, whoſe ador'd remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the ſhining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Creſſi's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal ſhield:
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy ſong ſhould vanquiſh'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's ſpear.
  Let ſofter ſtrains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flouriſh round his urn.

Here

VARIATIONS.

Where I obſcurely paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe,
Enough for me that to the liſtening ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.
When Braſs decays, when Trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mouldering into duſt drops the proud ſtone.

Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, faſt beſide him, once-fear'd Edward ſleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The Grave unites; where ev'n the Great find reſt,
And blended lie th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt!
  Make ſacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obſcure the place, and uninſcrib'd the ſtone);
Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion ſhed,
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled!
She ſaw her ſons with purple deaths expire,
Her ſacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
A dreadful ſeries of inteſtine wars,
Inglorious triumphs and diſhoneſt ſcars.
At length great Anna ſaid,—"Let Diſcord ceaſe!"
She ſaid, the world obey'd, and all was peace!
  In that bleſt moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.

His

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.
  Oh fact accurs'd! oh ſacrilegious brood,
  Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!
  Since that dire morn what tears has Albion ſhed!
  Gods! what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.
  Till Anna roſe, and bade the Furies ceaſe;
  Let there be peace—ſhe ſaid, and all was Peace.

Between verſe 330 and 331, originally ſtood theſe lines:
  From ſhore to ſhore exulting ſhouts he heard,
  O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
  With ſparkling flames heaven's glowing concave ſhone,
  Fictitious ſtars, and glories not her own.

He

His treſſes drop'd with dews, and o'er the ſtream
His ſhining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His ſwelling waters, and alternate tides;
The figur'd ſtreams in waves of ſilver roll'd,
And on their banks Auguſta roſe in gold,
Around his throne the ſea-born brothers ſtood
Who ſwell with tributary urns his flood!
Firſt the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
The winding Iſis, and the fruitful Thame:
The Kennet ſwift, for ſilver eels renown'd;
The Loddon ſlow with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whoſe dark ſtreams his flowery iſlands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, tranſparent Vandalis appears;
The gulphy Lee his ſedgy treſſes rears;
And ſullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And ſilent Darent, ſtain'd with Daniſh blood.
High in the midſt, upon his urn reclin'd,
(His ſea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windſor-domes and pompous turrets riſe!
Then bow'd, and ſpoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the huſh'd waves glide ſoftly to the ſhore.
Hail, ſacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the ſtars ſhall raiſe!

Though

VARIATION.

He ſaw, and gently roſe above the ſtream;
His ſhining horns diffuſe a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his towery front was dreſt,
The *tributes of the* diſtant Eaſt and Weſt.

Though Tyber's ſtreams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus ſwells with tides of gold,
From heaven itſelf the ſeven-fold Nilus flows,
And harveſts on a hundred realms beſtows;
Theſe now no more ſhall be the Muſe's themes,
Loſt in my fame, as in the ſea their ſtreams.
Let Volga's banks with iron ſquadrons ſhine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barbarous Ganges arm a ſervile train;
Be mine the bleſſings of a peaceful reign.
No more my ſons ſhall dye with Britiſh blood
Red Iber's ſands, or Iſter's foaming flood:
Safe on my ſhore each unmoleſted ſwain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The ſhady empire ſhall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the ſylvan chace;
The trumpet ſleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beaſts alone.
Behold! th' aſcending villas on my ſide,
Project long ſhadows o'er the cryſtal tide.
Behold! Auguſta's glittering ſpires increaſe,
And Temples riſe, the beauteous works of Peace.
I ſee, I ſee, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall aſcend!

There

VARIATION.

Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boaſt her Towers amidſt the Main,
Where the rough Adrian ſwells and roars in vain;
Here not a Town, but ſpacious Realm ſhall have
A ſure foundation on the rolling wave.

re mighty nations ſhall inquire their doom,
world's great oracle in times to come;
re Kings ſhall ſue, and ſuppliant States be ſeen
: more to bend before a Britiſh Queen.
hy trees, fair Windſor! now ſhall leave their woods,
half thy foreſts ruſh into thy floods;
Britain's Thunder, and her Croſs diſplay,
he bright regions of the riſing day:
pt icy ſeas, where ſcarce the waters roll,
re clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
nder ſouthern ſkies exalt their ſails,
by new ſtars, and borne by ſpicy gales!
ne the balm ſhall bleed, and amber flow,
coral redden, and the ruby glow,
pearly ſhell its lucid globe unfold,
Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
time ſhall come, when free as ſeas or wind
unded Thames ſhall flow for all mankind,
le nations enter with each ſwelling tide,
ſeas but join the regions they divide;
's diſtant ends our glory ſhall behold,
the new world launch forth to ſeek the old.
ſhips of uncouth form ſhall ſtem the tide,
feather'd people crowd my wealthy ſide,

And

VARIATION.

385, &c. were originally thus in the MS.
w ſhall our fleets the bloody Croſs diſplay
the rich regions of the riſing day,
thoſe green iſles, where headlong Titan ſteeps
s hiſſing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
mpt icy ſeas, &c.

And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our ſpeech, our colour, and our ſtrange attire!
Oh, ſtretch thy reign, fair Peace! from ſhore to ſhore,
Till Conqueſt-ceaſe, and Slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their ſable loves;
Peru once more a race of Kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepeſt hell,
In brazen bonds, ſhall barbarous Diſcord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, ſhall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own ſnakes ſhall feel,
And Perſecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gaſping Furies thirſt for blood in vain.
Here ceaſe thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verſe recite,
And bring the ſcenes of opening fate to light:
My humble Muſe, in unambitious ſtrains,
Paints the green foreſts and the flowery plains,
Where Peace deſcending bids her olive ſpring,
And ſcatters bleſſings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more ſweetly paſs my careleſs days,
Pleas'd in the ſilent ſhade with empty praiſe;
Enough for me, that to the liſtening ſwains
Firſt in theſe fields I ſung the ſylvan ſtrains.

ODE

O D E

ON

St. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend, and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By

II.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low,
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouſes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſtening Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to Arms,
How martial muſic every boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſevenfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But

IV.

ıt when through all th' infernal bounds,
'hich flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poets led
To the pale nations of the dead,
'hat ſounds were heard,
'hat ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
ut hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
nd ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire.
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
he Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
nd ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſtening round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flowers;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers;

By

By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!

Now

Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heaven.

TWO CHORUSES TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.

Altered from Shakeſpeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whoſe deſire theſe two Choruſes were compoſed, to ſupply as many, wanting in his play. They were ſet many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-houſe.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heavenly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heaven-born ſiſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtranger's gore;
See Arts her ſavage ſons control,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
'ill ſome new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
nd civil madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball!
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In every age, in every ſtate!
till, when the luſt of tyrant power ſucceeds,
ome Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

HORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH Tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But entering learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, doſt thou blame deſire,
Which Nature has impreſt?
Why, Nature, doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and generous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to Love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt,
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wandering, ſelf-conſuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of every ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe;
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurprizes;
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure;
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure;
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Written when the Author was about Twelve Years old.

HAPPY the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.
Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.
Sound ſleep by night; ſtudy and eaſe,
Together mix'd; ſweet recreation;
And innocence, which moſt does pleaſe
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie.

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

AN

AN
ESSAY
ON
CRITICISM.

Written in the Year M DCC IX *.

" Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum."
HOR.

* Mr. Pope told me himſelf, that the " Eſſay on Criticiſm" was indeed written in 1707, though ſaid 9 by miſtake. J. RICHARDSON.

THE Poem is in one book, but divided into three principal parts or members. The firſt [to ver. 201.] gives rules for the Study of the Art of Criticiſm; the ſecond [from thence to ver. 560.] expoſes the Cauſes of wrong Judgment; and the third [from thence to the end] marks out the Morals of the Critic. When the Reader hath well conſidered the whole, and hath obſerved the regularity of the plan, the maſterly conduct of the ſeveral parts, the penetration into Nature, and the compaſs of learning ſo conſpicuous throughout, he ſhould then be told that it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.—A very learned Critic has ſhewn, that Horace had the ſame attention to method in his Art of Poetry.

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AN

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare,
Both muſt alike from Heaven derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excel,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:

Nature affords at leaſt a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd,
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.
Some have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

Some

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 25 and 26 were theſe lines, ſince omitted by the Author:

Many are ſpoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reaſon wrong.
Tutors, like Virtuoſos, oft inclin'd
By ſtrange transfuſion to improve the mind,
Draw off the ſenſe we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their ſkill, they ne'er could do.

Ver. 30, 31. In the firſt edition thus:

Thoſe hate as rivals all that write; and others
But envy wits, as eunuchs envy lovers.

Ver. 32. "All fools," in the firſt edition: "All ſuch" in edition 1717; ſince reſtored.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile;
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's ſo equivocal:
To tell them, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you, who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning, go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit,
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid power of underſtanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings, we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:

Each

VARIATION.

Ver. 63. Ed. 1. But ev'n in thoſe, &c.

Each might his ſeveral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.
  Firſt follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring NATURE, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides:
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe;
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed:
The winged courſer, like a generous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.
  Thoſe RULES of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodis'd:

Nature

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 74.
  That art is beſt, which moſt reſembles her;
  Which ſtill preſides, yet never does appear.

Ver. 76. ——the ſecret ſoul.

Ver. 80.
  There are whom Heaven has bleſt with ſtore of wit,
  Yet want as much again to manage it.

'ature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
y the ſame laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her uſeful rules indites,
When to repreſs, and when indulge our flights;
igh on Parnaſſus' top her ſons ſhe ſhow'd,
nd pointed out thoſe arduous paths they trod:
eld from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
nd urg'd the reſt by equal ſteps to riſe.
ıſt precepts thus from great examples given,
ıe drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.
he generous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
nd taught the world with reaſon to admire.
hen Criticiſm the Muſe's handmaid prov'd,
o dreſs her charms, and make her more belov'd:
ut following wits from that intention ſtray'd,
Vho could not win the miſtreſs, woo'd the maid;
gainſt the poets their own arms they turn'd,
ıre to hate moſt the men from whom they learn'd.
› modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
y Doctors bills to play the Doctor's part,
›ld in the practice of miſtaken rules,
eſcribe, apply, and call their maſters fools.
me on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
›r time nor moths e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they:

Some

VARIATIONS.

:r. 90. Ed. 1. Nature, like Monarchy, &c.
:r. 92. Firſt learned Greece juſt precepts did indite,
When to repreſs and when indulge our flight.
:r. 97. From great examples uſeful rules were given.
fter ver. 104. this line is omitted,
Set up themſelves, and drove a ſeparate trade.

Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
Theſe leave the ſenſe, their learning to diſplay,
And thoſe explain the meaning quite away.

You then whoſe judgment the right courſe would ſteer,
Know well each ANCIENT's proper character:
His Fable, Subject, ſcope in every page;
Religion, Country, genius of his Age:
Without all theſe at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

When

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 116. Ed. 1. Theſe loſt, &c.

Ver. 117. And theſe explain'd, &c.

Ver. 123. Ed. 1. You may confound, but, &c.

Ver. 123. Cavil you may, but never criticize.] The Author after this verſe originally inſerted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had theſe been known, without a Name
Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame;
The ſenſe of ſound antiquity had reign'd,
And ſacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.
None e'er had thought his comprehenſive mind
To modern cuſtoms, modern rules confin'd;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

Ver. 126. Thence form your judgment, thence your notions bring.

When firſt young Maro, in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign;
And rules, as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there 's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licenſe anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licenſe is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;

From

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 130.
When firſt young Maro ſung of Kings and Wars
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

Ver. 130. Ed. 1. When firſt great Maro, &c.

Ver. 136.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he check'd the bold deſign;
And did his work to rules as ſtrict confine.

Ver. 145. Ed. 1. And which a maſter's hand, &c.

From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without paſſing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great Wits ſometimes may gloriouſly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made);
Moderns, beware! or, if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept, ne'er tranſgreſs its end;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need:
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and miſ-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array,
But

VARIATION.

After ver. 158. the firſt edition reads,

But care in poetry muſt ſtill be had,
It aſks diſcretion ev'n in running mad;
And though the ancients, &c.

And what are now ver. 159, 160, followed ver. 151.

But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſometimes ſeem to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe!
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That, on weak wings, from far purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a ſcience little known,
T' admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own:
Of

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 178. Ed. 3.
Oft hide his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.

Ver. 184. Ed. 1. Deſtructive war, and all-devouring Age.

Ver. 186. Ed. 1.
Hear, in all tongues applauding Pæans ring!

Ver. 197. Ed. 1. That with weak wings, &c.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride!
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, ſteps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but, your defects to know,
Make uſe of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the Muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While, from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!

So

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 219.
Fir'd with the charms fair Science does impart,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Art.

Ver. 223. But more advanc'd, ſurvey, &c.

So pleas'd at firſt the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ:
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No

VARIATION.

Ver. 225.
So pleas'd at firſt the towering Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with chearful eyes
The leſſening vales, and ſeems to tread the ſkies.

No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles, is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd folly ſacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they ſay,
A certain Bard encountering on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſperate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.

Our

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 259. As men of breeding, oft the men of wit.
Ver. 265. They talk of principles, but parts they prize.
Ver. 270. As e'er could Dennis of the laws o' th' ſtage.
Ver. 272. Ed. 1. That durſt, &c.

Our Author, happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
Made him obſerve the ſubject, and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight.
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo by heaven (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus Critics, of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glittering thoughts ſtruck out at every line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True Wit is Nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

As

VARIATION.

Ver. 298. Ed. 1.
What oft was thought, but ne'er before expreſs'd.

A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound!
The power of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 363, 364. Theſe lines are added.
Ver. 368. But when loud billows, &c.

Avoid extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much.
At every trifle ſcorn to take offence,
That always ſhews great pride, or little ſenſe;
Thoſe heads, as ſtomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of ſenſe approve:
As things ſeem large which we through miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, ſome our own deſpiſe;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one ſmall ſect, and all are damn'd beſide.
Meanly they ſeek the bleſſing to confine,
And force that ſun but on a part to ſhine,
Which not alone the ſouthern wit ſublimes,
But ripens ſpirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the firſt has ſhone on ages paſt,
Enlights the preſent, and ſhall warm the laſt;
Though each may feel encreaſes and decays,
And ſee now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the falſe, and value ſtill the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the ſpreading notion of the town;
They reaſon and conclude by precedent,
And own ſtale nonſenſe which they ne'er invent.

Some

VARIATION.

Ver. 394. Ed. 1. Some the French writers, &c.

Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praiſe nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this ſervile herd, the worſt is he
That in proud dulneſs joins with quality;
A conſtant Critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonſenſe for my Lord.
What woful ſtuff this madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd hackney-ſonneteer, or me!
But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtyle refines!
Before his ſacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the Learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe 's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they 're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow 's wiſer than to-day.

We

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413. Ed. 1. Nor praiſe nor damn, &c.
Ver. 428. So Schiſmatics the dull, &c.

We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'erſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences was deepeſt read:
Faith, goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itſelf has different dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.
Some, valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State,
And public faction doubles private hate.

Pride,

VARIATION.

Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 448.
The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakeſpeare's age,
No more with crambo entertain the ſtage.
Who now in Anagrams their Patron praiſe,
Or ſing their Miſtreſs in Acroſtic lays;
Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;
Now all are baniſh'd to th' Hibernian ſhore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation ſafe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaux;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd, when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But, like a ſhadow, proves the ſubſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too powerful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch-wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their fathers' failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd
Some bright idea of the maſter's mind,
Where

VARIATION.

Ver. 485. Ed. 1. Some fair idea, &c.

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings,
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flower the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
The moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 490. Ed. 1. When mellowing time does, &c.
Ver. 492. The treacherous colours in few years decay.
Ver. 495. Repays not half that envy, &c.
Ver. 498.
Like ſome fair flower that in the ſpring does riſe.
Ver. 500. What is this wit that does our cares employ?
Ver. 502.
The more his trouble as the more admir'd;
Where wanted, ſcorn'd; and envy'd where acquir'd;
Maintain'd with pains, but forfeited with eaſe, &c.

'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If Wit ſo much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards, who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd through ſacred luſt of praiſe!
Ah, ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 508. Ed. 1. Too much does Wit, &c.
Ver. 514. Now thoſe that reach, &c.
Ver. 519. And each, &c.
Ver. 522. Are mortals urg'd by ſacred, &c.

No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Though wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But dulneſs with obſcenity muſt prove,
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprang the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe:
When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young lords had wit:
The Fair ſat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licenſe of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where Heaven's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Left God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.

Theſe

VARIATION.

Ver. 547. The Author has here omitted the two following lines; as containing a National Reflection, which in his ſtricter judgment he could not but diſapprove on any People whatever:

Then firſt the Belgians' morals were extoll'd;
We their religion had, and they our gold.

These Monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show;
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 562. 'Tis not enough, wit, art, and learning join.
Ver. 564. That not alone what to your judgment's due.
Ver. 569. That if once wrong, &c.
Ver. 575. And things ne'er known, &c.
Ver. 576. Without good-breeding truth is not approv'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.
'Twere well might Critics ſtill this freedom take
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull!
Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unſucceſsful ſatires,
And flattery to fulſome dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribbling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:

Your

NOTE.

Ver. 586. And ſtares, tremendous, &c.] This picture was taken to himſelf by John Dennis, a furious old critic by profeſſion, who, upon no other provocation, wrote againſt this Eſſay, and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in ver. 270. he took it as a compliment, and ſaid it was treacherouſly meant to cauſe him to overlook this Abuſe of his Perſon.

VARIATION.

Ver. 597. And charitably let dull fools be vain.

Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of theſe, impenitently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull dropping of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
Such ſhameleſs Bards we have: and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſtening to himſelf appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him, moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.

Name

VARIATION.

Ver. 600.
Still humming on, their old dull courſe they keep.

NOTE.

Ver. 619. Garth did not write, &c.] A common ſlander at that time in prejudice of that deſerving author. Our Poet did him this juſtice, when that ſlander moſt prevailed; and it is now (perhaps the ſooner for this very verſe) dead and forgotten.

Name a new Play, and he 's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?
No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they 'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes:
But rattling nonſenſe in full vollies breaks,
And, never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide,
Burſts out, reſiſtleſs, with a thundering tide.

But where 's the man, who counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere:
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624.

In vain you ſhrug and ſweat, and ſtrive to fly:
Theſe know no Manners but of Poetry.
They'll ſtop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,
To treat of Unities of time and place.

Ver. 624. Nay run to Altars, &c.

Ver. 634. Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, or blindly right.

Generous converſe; a ſoul exempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?
  Such once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit.
  Horace ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.

He,

VARIATIONS.

Between ver. 646 and 649, I found the following lines, ſince ſuppreſſed by the Author:

  That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
  Whoſe firſt diſcovery 's not exceeded yet,
  Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star,
  He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far.
  He, when all Nature was ſubdued before,
  Like his great Pupil, ſigh'd, and long'd for more:
  Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquiſh'd lay,
  A boundleſs empire, and that own'd no ſway.
  Poets, &c.

After ver. 648. the firſt edition reads,

  Not only Nature did his laws obey,
  But Fancy's boundleſs empire own'd his ſway.

Ver. 655. Does, like a friend, &c.

Ver. 655, 656. Theſe lines are not in ed. 1.

He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, though he ſung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
See Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt;
Whoſe

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 668. The ſcholar's learning, and the courtier's eaſe.

Ver. 673, &c.

Nor thus alone the curious eye to pleaſe,
But to be found, when need requires, with eaſe.
The Muſes ſure Longinus did inſpire,
And bleſs'd their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, that zealous, &c.

Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great Sublime he draws.
Thus long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licenſe repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts ſtill follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny, then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtrued to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-ran,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths began.
At length Eraſmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the Prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.
But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his reverend head.
Then Sculpture and her ſiſter-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;

With

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 689. All was believ'd, but nothing underſtood.

Between ver. 690 and 691. the Author omitted theſe two:

Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,
When none but Saints had licenſe to be proud.

ith ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
mortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
ie Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
:mona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
; next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But ſoon, by impious arms from Latium chac'd,
eir ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
ence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
t Critic-learning flouriſh'd moſt in France:
e rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
d Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
t we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
d kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
rce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
: ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
: ſome there were, among the ſounder few
thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,
io durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
d here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws.
h was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
h was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
th manners generous as his noble blood;
him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
d every author's merit but his own.
h late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
io juſtly knew to blame or to commend;

To

VARIATION.

Ver. 723, 724. Theſe lines are not in ed. 1.

To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe, whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſions tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN
HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Written in the Year M DCC XII.

"Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
"Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis." MART.

It appears by the Motto, that the following Poem was written or publiſhed at the Lady's requeſt. But there are ſome further circumſtances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whoſe fortunes he followed into France, author of the Comedy of "Sir Solomon Single," and of ſeveral tranſlations in Dryden's Miſcellanies) originally propoſed the ſubject to him, in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was riſen between two noble families, thoſe of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occaſion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author ſent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and ſhe took it ſo well as to give about copies of it. That firſt ſketch (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in leſs than a fortnight, in 1711, in two Cantos only, and it was ſo printed; firſt, in a Miſcellany of Bern. Lintot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received ſo well, that he made it more conſiderable the next year, by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Cantos. We ſhall give the reader the pleaſure of ſeeing in what manner theſe additions were inſerted, ſo as to ſeem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Canto I. ver. 19, &c.

This inſertion he always eſteemed, and juſtly, the greateſt effort of his ſkill and art as a Poet.

TO

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have ſome regard for this piece, ſince I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witneſs, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good ſenſe and good humour enough to laugh not only at their ſex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a ſecret, it ſoon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a Bookſeller, you had the good-nature for my ſake to conſent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forced to, before I had executed half my deſign, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to ſignify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one reſpect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never ſo trivial in itſelf, they always make it appear of the utmoſt importance. Theſe Machines I determined to raiſe on a very new and odd foundation, the Roſicruſian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how diſagreeable it is to make uſe of hard words before a Lady; but it is ſo much the concern of a Poet to have his works underſtood, and particularly by your Sex, that you muſt give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Roſicruſians are a people I muſt bring you acquainted with. The beſt account I know of them is in a French

a French book called Le Comte de Gabalis, which, both in its title and ſize, is ſo like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by miſtake. According to theſe Gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by Spirits which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in miſchief; but the Sylphs, whoſe habitation is in the Air, are the beſt-conditioned creatures imaginable. For they ſay, any mortals may enjoy the moſt intimate familiarities with theſe gentle Spirits, upon a condition very eaſy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preſervation of Chaſtity.

As to the following Cantos, all the paſſages of them are as fabulous as the Viſion at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end (except the loſs of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The Human perſons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Perſon, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it ſhould paſs through the world half ſo uncenſured as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occaſion of aſſuring you that I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

A. POPE.

THE

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things,
I ſing—this verſe to Caryl, Muſe! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and He approve my lays.
Say what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains ſhot a timorous ray,
And ope'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. It was in the firſt editions,
And dwells ſuch rage in ſofteſt boſoms then,
And lodge ſuch daring ſouls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. Stood thus in the firſt edition,
Sol through white curtains did his beams diſplay,
And ope'd thoſe eyes which brighter ſhone than they.
Shock juſt had given himſelf the rouzing ſhake,
And Nymphs prepar'd their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought ſlipper knock'd againſt the ground,
And ſtriking watches the tenth hour reſound.

Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouzing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.
Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy reſt
'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A Youth more glittering than a birth-night beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay:
Faireſt of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one Viſion touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moonlight ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:

The

VARIATION.

Ver. 19. Belinda ſtill, &c.] All the verſes from her to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

Theſe, though unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to theſe of air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And though ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt Elements their Souls retire:
The ſprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.
Know farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For, ſpirits, freed from mortal laws, with eaſe,
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight maſquerades,

Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Though Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:
Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs through myſtic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They ſhift the moving Toy-ſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This

This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.
Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend;
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of Man!
He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide,
Trembling, begins the ſacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddeſs with the glittering ſpoil.

This caſket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoiſe here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty 's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories in th' etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver'd Thames.
Fair Nymphs and well-dreſs'd Youths around her ſhone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.

Her

VARIATION.

Ver. 4. Launch'd on the boſom] From hence the poem continues, in the firſt edition, to ver. 46.

The reſt the winds diſpers'd in empty air;

all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional.

Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth ivory neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey,
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And Beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

Th' adventurous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heaven, and every power ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long poſſeſs the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

But now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aerial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dip'd in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid

the circle on the gilded maſt,
or by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
irple pinions opening to the ſun,
s'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
ow the ſpheres, and various taſks aſſign'd
vs eternal to th' aerial kind.
in the fields of pureſt æther play,
ɔaſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
guide the courſe of wandering orbs on high,
il the planets through the boundleſs ſky.
leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
e the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
ck the miſts in groſſer air below,
p their pinions in the painted bow,
ew fierce tempeſts on the wintery main,
:r the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
s on earth o'er human race preſide,
h all their ways, and all their actions guide:
eſe the chief the care of Nations own,
guard with arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
r humbler province is to tend the Fair,
i leſs pleaſing, though leſs glorious care;
we the powder from too rude a gale,
et th' impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
raw freſh colours from the vernal flowers;
eal from rainbows, ere they drop in ſhowers,
ighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
t their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;

Nay oft, in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow.
This day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrap'd in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China-jar receive a flaw:
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock muſt fall.
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her favorite Lock;
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fall,
Though ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in viols, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:

Gums

Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!
He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing towers,
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes tea.
Hither the heroes and the nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court;
In

VARIATION.

Ver. 1. Cloſe by thoſe meads,] The firſt edition continues from this line to ver. 24. of this Canto.

In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;
The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the firſt edition,

In various talk the chearful hours they paſt,
Of, who was bit, or who capotted laſt.

Ver. 24. And the long labours of the toilet ce
All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added
the firſt edition, till ver. 105. which connected th

Sudden the board with cups and ſpoons is crow

Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens, whoſe hands ſuſtain a flower,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſofter power;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt, unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.
With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to ſight reveal'd,
The reſt, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad

Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th' imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only graſps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face
And his refulgent Queen, with powers combin'd,
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate),
On one nice trick depends the general fate,
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On ſhining Altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee through all things with his half-ſhut eyes)

Sent

VARIATION.

Ver. 105. Sudden the board, &c.] From hence the firſt edition continues to ver. 134.

Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!

But when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So ladies, in Romance, aſſiſt their knight,
Preſent the ſpear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand Sprites repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near:
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the Virgin's thought;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 134. In the firſt edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant ſtream ſhe bends her head,
Firſt he expands the glittering forfex wide
T' incloſe the Lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever,
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. Ver.

All that is between was added afterwards.

As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

The Peer now ſpreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine cloſe'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again),
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flaſh'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.
Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heaven are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China veſſels fall'n from high,
In glittering duſt and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The Victor cry'd), the glorious Prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh Fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe, ſhall live!

What

What Time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair Nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel
The conquering force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive Nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.

For, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel,

VARIATION.

Ver. 11. For, that ſad moment, &c.] All the lines from hence to the 94th verſe, deſcribe the houſe of Spleen, and are not in the firſt edition; inſtead of them followed only theſe:

While her rack'd Soul repoſe and peace requires,
The fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fires.

and continued at the 94th verſe of this Canto.

Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſprite,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With ſtore of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her boſom with lampoons,
There affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe,
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.

A conſtant Vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod, walks;
Here ſighs a jar, and there a gooſe-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe paſt the Gnome through this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleen-wort in his hand,
Then thus addreſs'd the Power—Hail, wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give the hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy power diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or

Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.

The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, though ſhe grants his prayer.
A wonderous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies iſſued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence, to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!

Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!
How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, the ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd through cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow!
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!
She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out——"My Lord, why, what the
"devil?
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be
"civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt—nay pr'ythee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.

It

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain,
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock, I ſwear,
(Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and, ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the Vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then ſee! the Nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid:

For ever curſed be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my favorite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes, that in deſerts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
Oh I had ſtay'd, and ſaid my prayers at home!

'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tottering China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what ev'n thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſhears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence enſued, and thus the Nymph began.

Say,

VARIATION.

Ver. 7. Then grave Clariſſa, &c.] A new Character introduced in the ſubſequent editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a Parody of the ſpeech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.

Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaux,
Why bows the ſide-box from its inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chac'd old age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, may become a Saint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill, whate'er we loſe?
And truſt me, Dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.
So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſued;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her Prude.

To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and Heroines ſhouts confuſedly riſe,
And baſs and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapon in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heavenly breaſts with human paſſions rage;
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſate to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin-ſpears, the Sprites ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.
While through the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
" O cruel

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 37. To arms, to arms!] From hence the firſt edition goes on to the Concluſion, except a very few ſhort inſertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem.

Ver. 53. Triumphant Umbriel] Theſe four lines added, for the reaſon before-mentioned.

" O cruel Nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
" Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtep'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the doughty hero ſlain,
But, at her ſmile, the Beau revived again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the Mens wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief the unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdued:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame, his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great-great-grandſire wore about his neck,

In three ſeal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Reſtore the Lock, ſhe cries; and all around
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal muſt be bleſt,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can conteſt?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere,
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there.
There Heroes wits are kept in ponderous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer-caſes.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound.
The courtier's promiſes, and ſick man's prayers,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,

Cages for gnats, and chains to yoak a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry.
But truſt the Muſe—ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Though mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heavens beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs through the ſkies.
This the Beau-monde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For,

VARIATION.

Ver. 131. The Sylphs behold] Theſe two lines added for the ſame reaſon, to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem.

For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

ELEGY

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade,
vites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'is ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
'hy dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
ı ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
ɔ bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
ɔ act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
ɔr thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye Powers! her ſoul aſpire
bove the vulgar flight of low deſire?
mbition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
he glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
hence to their images on earth it flows,
nd in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
ſoft ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
ull ſullen priſoners in the body's cage:
im lights of life, that burn a length of years,
ſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
ike Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
nd, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.

From

From theſe perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent herſes ſhall beſiege your gates;
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curſt with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleaſed thy pale ghoſt, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſs'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!

Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf, the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

OF

CATO.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream through every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakneſs ſhow,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more generous cauſe,
Such tears as Patriots ſhed for dying Laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,

A brave

A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What boſom beats not in his Country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's reverend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt;
The triumph ceas'd, tears guſh'd from every eye;
The world's great Victor paſs'd unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar's leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhow, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom ſhe ſubdued;
Your ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould win a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE

TO

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own ſex ſhould mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aſide,
Peep'd in your fans, been ſerious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may paſs—but that ſtrange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I ſo hate a whore!—
Juſt as a blockhead rubs his thoughtleſs ſkull,
And thanks his ſtars he was not born a fool;
So from a ſiſter ſinner you ſhall hear,
"How ſtrangely you expoſe yourſelf, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our ſex are ſtill forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked cuſtom ſo contrive,
We'd be the beſt, good-natur'd things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In ſome cloſe corner of the ſoul, they ſin;
Still hoarding up, moſt ſcandalouſly nice,
Amidſt their virtues a reſerve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleſhly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain cramns.

Would

Would you enjoy ſoft nights, and ſolid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with ſaints, and bed with ſinners.
Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
He has a Huſband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And ſure ſuch kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's ſelf was no relentleſs ſpouſe:
Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or ſo, ſhould need her,
He'd recommend her as a ſpecial breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would ſcruple make,
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the Stoic Chief our Stage may ring,
The Stoic Huſband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a ſage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Thoſe ſtrange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might inſtruct the City:
There many an honeſt man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er ſaw naked ſword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a diſgrace,
That Edward's Miſs thus perks it in your face;
To ſee a piece of failing fleſh and blood,
In all the reſt ſo impudently good;
Faith let the modeſt Matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and ſtare the ſtrumpet down.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAY, lovely youth, that doſt my heart command
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Muſt then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance loſt, as to thy love?
Aſk not the cauſe that I new numbers chuſe,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muſe;
Love taught my tears in ſadder notes to flow,
And turn'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the ſpreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Ætna's ſcorching fields retires,
While I conſume with more than Ætna's fires!

ECQUID, ut inſpecta eſt ſtudioſae littera dextrae,
Protinus eſt oculis cognita noſtra tuis?
An, niſi legiſſes auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve neſcires unde movetur opus?
Forſitan et quare mea ſint alterna requiras
Carmina, cum lyricis ſim magis apta modis.
Flendus amor meus eſt: elegeïa flebile carmen,
Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
Fertilis accenſis meſſibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diverſa Typhoïdos Ætnae,
Me calor Ætnaeo non minor igne coquit.

No more my ſoul a charm in muſic finds,
Muſic has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft ſcenes of ſolitude no more can pleaſe,
Love enters there, and I'm my own diſeaſe.
No more the Leſbian dames my paſſion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are loſt in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all thoſe blooming charms ſurprize,
Thoſe heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' ſelf with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;

Nymphs

Nec mihi, diſpoſitis quae jungam carmina nervis,
Proveniunt; vacuae carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadeſve puellae,
Nec me Leſbiadum caetera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
Non oculis grata eſt Atthis, ut ante, meis;
Atque aliae centum, quas non ſine crimine amavi;
Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Eſt in te facies, ſunt apti luſibus anni.
O facies oculis inſidioſa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifeſtus Apollo:
Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.

Nymphs that in verſe no more could rival me,
Then ev'n thoſe Gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muſes teach me all their ſofteſt lays,
And the wide world reſounds with Sappho's praiſe.
Though great Alcæus more ſublimely ſings,
And ſtrikes with bolder rage the ſounding ſtrings,
No leſs renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inſpire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more laſting flames ſupply'd.
Though ſhort my ſtature, yet my name extends
To heaven itſelf, and earth's remoteſt ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inſpir'd young Perſeus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And gloſſy jet is pair'd with ſhining white.

If

Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnoſida Bacchus amavit;
Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa modos.
At mihi Pegaſides blandiſſima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, conſors patriaeque lyraeque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille ſonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formae damna rependo meae.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Eſt mihi; menſuram nominis ipſa fero.
Candida ſi non ſum, placuit Cepheïa Perſeo
Andromede, patriae fuſca colore ſuae:
Et variis albae junguntur ſaepe columbae,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.

If to no charms thou wilt thy heart reſign,
But ſuch as merit, ſuch as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canſt be mov'd:
Phaon alone by Phaon muſt be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vaſt a memory has love!
My Muſic, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were muſic to your ear.
You ſtopp'd with kiſſes my enchanting tongue,
And found my kiſſes ſweeter than my ſong.
In all I pleas'd, but moſt in what was beſt;
And the laſt joy was dearer than the reſt.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
You ſtill enjoy'd, and yet you ſtill deſir'd,
Till all diſſolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.

The

Si, niſi quae facie peterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.
At me cum legeres, etiam formoſa videbar;
Unam jurabas uſque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oſcula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Haec quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam,
Sed tum praecipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus ſolito laſcivia noſtra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;

The fair Sicilians now thy ſoul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods! a Leſbian dame?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boaſt
That wandering heart which I ſo lately loſt;
Nor be with all thoſe tempting words abus'd,
Thoſe tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune ſtill in one ſad tenor run,
And ſtill increaſe the woes ſo ſoon begun?
Inur'd to ſorrow from my tender years,
My parent's aſhes drank my early tears:

Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confuſa voluptas
Plurimus in laſſo corpore languor erat.
Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt nova praeda puellae;
Quid mihi cum Leſbo? Sicelis eſſe volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite noſtrum,
Niſiades matres, Niſiadeſque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandae mendacia linguae:
Quae dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quae montes celebras, Erycina, Sicar
(Nam tua ſum) vati conſule, diva, tuae.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem?
Et manet in curſu ſemper acerba ſuo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas oſſa bibere meas.
Arſit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Miſtaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a deſtructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares diſtract my breaſt.
Alas, what more could fate itſelf impoſe,
But thee, the laſt and greateſt of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the ſparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuſe
The coſtly ſweetneſs of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied treſſes bind,
That fly diſorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom ſhould Sappho uſe ſuch arts as theſe?
He's gone, whom only ſhe deſir'd to pleaſe!

Cupid's

Factus inops agili peragit freta coerula remo:
  Quaſque male amiſit, nunc male quaerit opes:
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit.
  Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam deſint, quae me ſine fine fatigent,
  Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu noſtris accedis cauſa querelis:
  Non agitur vento noſtra carina ſuo.
Ecce jacent collo ſparſi ſine lege capilli;
  Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veſte tegor vili: nullum eſt in crinibus aurum:
  Non Arabo noſter rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix? aut cui placuiſſe laborem?
  Ille mihi cultus unicus auctor abeſt

Cupid's light darts my tender boſom move,
Still is there cauſe for Sappho ſtill to love:
So from my birth the Siſters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my Muſe in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps meaſure to my ſtrains.
By charms like thine which all my ſoul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For thoſe Aurora Cephalus might ſcorn,
And with freſh bluſhes paint the conſcious morn.
For thoſe might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's ſleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his ſheep.
Venus for thoſe had rapt thee to the ſkies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.

O ſcarce

Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis;
Et ſemper cauſa eſt, cur ego ſemper amem.
Sive ita naſcenti legem dixere ſorores,
Nec data ſunt vitae fila ſevera meae;
Sive abeunt ſtudia in mores, artesque magiſtrae,
Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, ſi me primae lanuginis aetas
Abſtulit, atque anni, quos vir amare poteſt?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
Et faceres; ſed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc ſi conſpiciat, quae conſpicit omnia, Phoebe;
Juſſus erit ſomnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in coelum curru vexiſſet eburno;
Sed videt et Marti poſſe placere ſuo,

O ſcarce a youth, yet ſcarce a tender boy!
O uſeful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to theſe arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at leaſt the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are loſt in tears!
The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At leaſt to feign was never hard to you!)
Farewell, my Leſbian love, you might have ſaid;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Leſbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiſs receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.

No

O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer! utilis aetas!
O decus, atque aevi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque ſinus, formoſe, relabere noſtros:
Non ut ames oro, verum ut amare ſinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur abortis:
Aſpice, quam ſit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modeſtius iſſes,
Et modo dixiſſes: Leſbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oſcula ſumma tulifti;
Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum eſt, niſi tantum injuria: nec tu,
Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.

No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, thoſe powers ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When firſt I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like ſome ſad ſtatue, ſpeechleſs, pale I ſtood,
Grief chill'd my breaſt, and ſtopp'd my freezing blood;
No ſigh to riſe, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a ſtupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous paſſion found,
I rend my treſſes, and my breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs diſtract the mournful dame,
Whoſe firſt-born infant feeds the funeral flame.

My

Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dediſſem
Ulla, niſi ut nolles immemor eſſe mei.
Per tibi, qui nunquam longe diſcedat, Amorem,
Perque novem juro, numina noſtra, Deas;
Cum mihi neſcio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
Nec me flere diu, nec potuiſſe loqui:
Et lacrymae deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
Aſtrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Poſtquam ſe dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
Nec puduit ſciſſis exululare comis:
Non aliter quam ſi nati pia mater adempti
Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.

My ſcornful brother with a ſmile appears,
Inſults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with deſpair,
All torn my garments, and my boſom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconſiſtent things are love and ſhame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
O night, more pleaſing than the brighteſt day,
When fancy gives what abſence takes away,
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary charms,
Reſtores my fair deſerter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:

A thouſand

Gaudet et e noſtro creſcit moerore Charaxus
  Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur cauſa doloris;
  Quid dolet haec? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
  Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta ſinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te ſomnia noſtra reducunt;
  Somnia formoſo candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus abſis;
  Sed non longa ſatis gaudia ſomnus habet.
Saepe tuos noſtra cervice onerare lacertos,
  Saepe tuae videor ſuppoſuiſſe meos.

A thouſand tender words I hear and ſpeak;
A thouſand melting kiſſes give, and take:
Then fiercer joys, I bluſh to mention theſe,
Yet, while I bluſh, confeſs how much they pleaſe.
But when, with day, the ſweet deluſions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic riſe, and like ſome Fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the ſilent grove,
As if the ſilent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleaſures, could relieve my pains.
I view the Grotto, once the ſcene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,

That

Blandior interdum; veriſque ſimillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant ſenſibus ora meis.
Oſcula cognoſco; quae tu committere linguae,
Aptaque conſuêras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; ſed omnia fiunt,
Et juvat, et ſine te non libet eſſe mihi.
At cum ſe Titan oſtendit, et omnia ſecum;
Tam cito me ſomnos deſtituiſſe queror.
Antra nemuſque peto, tanquam nemus antraque profint.
Conſcia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente feror.
Antra vident oculi ſcabro pendentia topho,
Quae mihi Mygdonii marmoris inſtar erant.

That charm'd me more, with native moſs o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian ſtone.
I find the ſhades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, thoſe ſhades delight no more.
Here the preſs'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in amorous folds we lay;
I kiſs that earth which once was preſs'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their ſongs till thy return:
Night ſhades the groves, and all in ſilence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my ſtrain,
Of Tereus ſhe, of Phaon I complain.

A ſpring

Invenio ſylvam, quae ſaepe cubilia nobis
Praebuit, et multa texit opaca coma.
At non invenio dominum ſylvaeque, meumque.
Vile ſolum locus eſt: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi preſſas noti mihi ceſpitis herbas:
De noſtro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui, tetigique locum qua parte fuiſti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quinetiam rami poſitis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullae dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie moeſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium Daulias ales Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores:
Haſtenus, ut media caetera nocte ſilent.

A ſpring there is, whoſe ſilver waters ſhow,
Clear as a glaſs, the ſhining ſands below;
A flowery Lotos ſpreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and ſeems itſelf a grove;
Eternal greens the moſſy margin grace,
Watch'd by the ſylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and ſwell'd with tears the flood,
Before my ſight a watery Virgin ſtood:
She ſtood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
"Fly hence, and ſeek the fair Leucadian main.
"There ſtands a rock, from whoſe impending ſteep
"Apollo's fane ſurveys the rolling deep;
"There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
"Their flames extinguiſh, and forget to love.
"Deucalion once with hopeleſs fury burn'd,
"In vain he lov'd, relentleſs Pyrrha ſcorn'd:
"But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
"Deucalion ſcorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
"Haſte,

Eſt nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons ſacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.
Quem ſupra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero ceſpite terra viret.
Hic ego cum laſſos poſuiſſem fletibus artus,
Conſtitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Conſtitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus aequis
"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
"Phoebus ab excelſo, quantum patet, aſpicit æquor:
"Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
"Hinc ſe Deucalion Pyrrhae ſuccenſus amore
"Miſit, et illaeſo corpore preſſit aquas.

" Haſte, Sappho, haſte, from high Leucadia throw
" Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She ſpoke, and vaniſh'd with the voice—I riſe,
And ſilent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs! thoſe rocks and ſeas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inſpires;
Let female fears ſubmit to female fires.
To rocks and ſeas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from ſeas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And ſoftly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my ſinking limbs ſuſtain,
Spread thy ſoft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltleſs flood prophane!

On

" Nec mora: verſus Amor tetigit lentiſſima Pyrrhae
" Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
" Hanc legem locus ille tenet, pete protinus altam
" Leucada; nec ſaxo deſiluiſſe time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida ſurgo:
Nec gravidae lacrymas continuere genae.
Ibimus, O Nymphae, monſtrataque ſaxa petemus.
Sit procul inſano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit: aura, ſubito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas ſuppone cadenti:
Ne ſim Lucadiae mortua crimen aquae.
Inde chelyn Phoebo communia munera ponam:
Et ſub ea verſus unus et alter erunt.

On Phœbus' ſhrine my harp I'll then beſtow,
And this Inſcription ſhall be plac'd below.
" Here ſhe who ſung, to him that did inſpire,
" Sappho to Phœbus conſecrates her Lyre;
" What ſuits with Sappho, Phœbus, ſuits with thee;
" The gift, the giver, and the God agree."
But why, alas, relentleſs youth, ah why
To diſtant ſeas muſt tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than thoſe may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' ſelf is leſs a God to me.
Ah! canſt thou doom me to the rocks and ſea,
O far more faithleſs and more hard than they?
Ah! canſt thou rather ſee this tender breaſt
Daſh'd on theſe rocks than to thy boſom preſs'd?
This breaſt which once, in vain! you lik'd ſo well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muſes dwell.
Alas!

" Grata lyram poſui tibi, Phœbe, poëtria Sappho;
" Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miſeram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum poſſis ipſe referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes eſſe ſalubrior unda;
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, ô ſcopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant ſaxis præcipitanda dari!
Hæc ſunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare ſolebas;
Viſaque ſunt toties ingenioſa tibi.

Alas! the Muſes now no more inſpire,
Untun'd my lute, and ſilent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy ſinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Leſbian virgins, and ye Leſbian dames,
Themes of my verſe, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad ſongs ſhall ring,
No more theſe hands ſhall touch the trembling ſtring:
My Phaon 's fled, and I thoſe arts reſign,
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!).
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my ſoul, and vigour to my ſong:
Abſent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires?
Gods! can no prayers, no ſighs, no numbers, move
One ſavage heart, or teach it how to love?

The

Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obſtat;
Ingeniumque meis ſubſtitit omne malis.
Non mihi reſpondent veteres in carmina vires.
Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra eſt.
Leſbides aequoreae, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
Leſbides, Aeolia nomina dicta lyra;
Leſbides, infamem quae me feciſtis amatae;
Deſinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abſtulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
(Me miſeram! dixi quam modo pene, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque veſtra redibit.
Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectuſne agreſte movetur?
An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?

The winds my prayers, my ſighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have loſt them all in air!
Oh when, alas! ſhall more auſpicious gales
To theſe fond eyes reſtore thy welcome ſails?
If you return—ah why theſe long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careleſs Phaon ſtays.
O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee ſhall ſmooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, ſecure of proſperous gales;
Cupid for thee ſhall ſpread the ſwelling ſails.
If you will fly—(yet ah! what cauſe can be,
Too cruel youth, that you ſhould fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I muſt hope for eaſe,
Ah let me ſeek it from the raging ſeas:
To raging ſeas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either ceaſe to live, or ceaſe to love!

Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
Hoc te, ſi ſaperes, lente, decebat opus.
Sive redis, puppique tuae votiva parantur
Munera; quid laceras pectora noſtra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus orta mari, mare praeſtat eunti.
Aura dabit curſum; tu modo ſolve ratem.
Ipſe gubernabit reſidens in puppe Cupido:
Ipſe dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugiſſe Pelaſgida Sappho;
(Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga.)
[O ſaltem miſerae, Crudelis, epiſtola dicat:
Ut mihi Leucadiae fata petantur aquae.]

ELOISA
TO
ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral Convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears!
In vain loſt Eloïſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentleſs walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine,
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and thoſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in prayer;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,

The

The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone ſweetly lambent with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heaven liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precept fail'd to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back through the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heaven I loſe for thee.

How oft, when preſs'd to marriage, have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made!
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeek in love for aught but love alone.

Should

Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all:
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee!
O! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſs'd,
No craving void left aching in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart.
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.
Alas, how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïſe? her voice, her hand,
Her poynard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.
Canſt thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet

ıen, to thoſe dread altars as I drew,
ı the croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
race, or zeal, love only was my call,
f I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
n that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
rink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
ɔn thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
ll thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
ɔ! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
other beauties charm my partial eyes,
n my view ſet all the bright abode,
nake my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
ı of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
the falſe world in early youth they fled,
ee to mountains, wilds, and deſerts led.
ais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſert ſmil'd,
ɔaradiſe was open'd in the wild.
eeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
ırines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
ver ſaints, by dying miſers given,
ɔrib'd the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
ich plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
ɔnly vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
ſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
e awful arches make a noon-day night,
he dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;

Thy

Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;

Here

Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man.
Aſſiſt me, Heaven! but whence aroſe that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſolicit new;
Now turn'd to heaven, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt as mine!
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,—do all things but forget?
But let heaven ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.

Fill

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.
How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to heaven.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſpering Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing,
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When, at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:

I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe.
Where round ſome mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the ſkies;
Clouds interpoſe, waves roar, and winds ariſe.
I ſhriek, ſtart up, the ſame ſad proſpect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, ſeverely kind, ordain
A cool ſuſpenſe from pleaſure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repoſe;
No pulſe that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving ſpirit bade the waters flow,
Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what haſt thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature ſtands check'd; Religion diſapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloiſa loves.
Ah, hopeleſs, laſting flames! like thoſe that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What ſcenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, purſue,

Riſe

Riſe in the grove, before the altar riſe,
Stain all my ſoul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waſte the matin lamp in ſighs for thee,
Thy image ſteals between my God and me,
Thy voice I ſeem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too ſoft a tear,
When from the cenſer clouds of fragrance roll,
And ſwelling organs lift the riſing ſoul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gathering in my eye,
While, praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my ſoul:
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to Heaven; diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

Fair

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! O Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!
See in her cell ſad Eloïſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,
And more than Echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
"Come, ſiſter, come!" (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
"Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
"Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
"Love's victim then, though now a ſainted maid:
"But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
"Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
"Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes every fear;
"For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bowers,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!

Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
Till every motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and Angels watch thee round,
From opening ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall be at no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and ſilver ſprings,
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as theſe have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice,

Amid

Amid that ſcene if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heaven,
One human tear ſhall drop, and be forgiven.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell!
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint them who ſhall feel them moſt.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

Advertiſement.

THE following Tranſlations were ſelected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the moſt part indeed but a ſort of Exerciſes, while he was improving himſelf in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to Poetry to perform them rather in Verſe than Proſe. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occaſioned the Tranſlations from Chaucer. They were firſt ſeparately printed in Miſcellanies by J. Tonſon and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The Imitations of Engliſh Authors, which follow, were done as early, ſome of them at fourteen or fifteen years old.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

Written in the Year MDCCXI.

Advertiſement.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's Houſe of Fame. The deſign is in a manner entirely altered, the deſcriptions and moſt of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not ſuffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two firſt books that anſwers to their title: wherever any hint is taken from him, the paſſage itſelf is ſet down in the marginal notes.

The Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal Poets, whoſe works were for the moſt part Viſions, or pieces of imagination, and conſtantly deſcriptive. From theſe, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the Trionſi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The Author of this therefore choſe the ſame ſort of Exordium.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhowers
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flowers;
When opening buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And, join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

In

IMITATION.

Ver. 11, &c.] Theſe verſes are hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Though beheld I fields and plaine,
Now hills, and now mountaine,
Now valeis, and now foreſtes,
And now unneth great beſtes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now townes, now great trees,
Now ſhippes ſayling in the ſee.

In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen
There towery cities, and the forefts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples riſe;
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow ſhore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe towering ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlippery was the way;
The wonderous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcripti

IMITATION.

Ver. 27. High on a rock of ice, &c.] Chaucer's ſt book of Fame.

It ſtood upon ſo high a rock,
Higher ſtandeth none in Spayne—
What manner ſtone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glaſs,
But that it ſhone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niſte redily;
But at the laſt eſpied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ice, and not of ſtele.

riptions here of various Names I view'd,
greater part by hoſtile time ſubdued;
wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
l Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
ie freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
ok'd again, nor could their trace be found.
ics I ſaw, that other names deface,
l fix their own, with labour, in their place:
ir own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
liſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
more by Envy, than exceſs of Praiſe.

Yet

IMITATIONS.

31. Inſcriptions here, &c.]

Tho' ſaw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much weie
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almoſt off-thawen ſo,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men ſaid, what may ever laſt?

41. Nor was the work impair'd, &c.]

Tho' gan I in myne harte caſt,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with ſtormes beate.

Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel:
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall la
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of fi
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years,

IMITATION.

Ver. 45. Yet part no injuries, &c.]

For on that other ſide I ſey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As freſh as men had written hem there
That ſelf day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiſte what it made;
It was conſerved with the ſhade
(All the writing that I ſye)
Of the caſtle that ſtoode on high,
And ſtood eke in ſo cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.
Weſtward, a ſumptuous frontiſpiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides, ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil:
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cythæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the lengthening ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the widening arches bend,

The

The growing towers like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.
The Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſtone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fam
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand:
The ſage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſert woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
But on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Egypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues Obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes ſtood.
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that died to be by Poets ſung.
Theſe, and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like glaſs,
Which, o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increaſes all.
The Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd

IMITATION.

Ver. 132. The wall in luſtre, &c.]
It ſhone lighter than a glaſs,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields purſued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdued;
His feet on ſceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minervas, ſhone;
Cæſar, the world's great maſter, and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in every ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:
High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much ſuffering heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the Shell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

But

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt;
Though blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar ſeen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;
A ſtrong

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. Six pompous columns, &c.]
From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that ſhone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere ſaw I ſtonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the ſect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Joſephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere ſtrong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholoſan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182.]
Full wonder high on a pilere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus, &c.

A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t'affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the funeral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
Four ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions ſtretch'd for flight:
Here, like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with th' inſpiring God.
Acroſs

IMITATION.

Ver. 196, &c.]
There ſaw I ſtand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pius Æneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath ſowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—

Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar different ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.
Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves, that round the infant Poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a ſhrine that caſt a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;

His

IMITATION.

Tho ſaw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full ſternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his ſhoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might ſee,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere ſtode
Of ſulphure, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, ſothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
Theſe maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aching ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And lucid amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;

But

IMITATION.

Ver. 259. Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature, &c.]
Methought that ſhe was ſo lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than ſhe ſeemed be;
But thus ſoone in a while ſhe,

But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her towering front ſhe rais'd.
With her, the Temple every moment grew,
And ampler Viſtas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long aiſles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſtening ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With time's firſt birth began the heavenly lays,
And laſt, eternal, through the length of days.
Around theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,

And

IMITATIONS.

Her ſelfe tho wonderly ſtraight,
That with her feet ſhe the earth right,
And with her head ſhe touchyd heaven—

Ver. 270. Beneath in order rang'd, &c.]
I heard about her throne y-ſung
That all the palays walls rung,
So ſung the mighty Muſe, ſhe
That cleped is Calliope,
And her ſeven ſiſters eke—

Ver. 276. Around theſe wonders, &c.]
I heard a noiſe approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,

And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flowery toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or, ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.
Thus

IMITATIONS.

Againſt her time of out-flying,
Right ſuch a manere murmuring,
For all the world it ſeemed me,
Tho gan I look about and ſee
That there came entering into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of ſundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.—

Ver. 294. Some ſhe diſgrac'd, &c.]
And ſome of them ſhe granted ſone,
And ſome ſhe warned well and fair,
And ſome ſhe granted the contrair—
Right as her ſiſter dame Fortune
Is wont to ſerve in commune.

Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiſcerning ſcatters crowns and chains.
Firſt at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their prayer.
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.
The Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they every moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At every breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter, as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.

Since

IMITATION.

Ver. 318. The good and juſt, &c.]
Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And ſaiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deſerved Fame right-fully,

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd,
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.
This band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtraight the direful Trump of Slander ſounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud

IMITATIONS.

And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth ſhe, for now we liſt
That your good works ſhall be wiſt.
And yet ye ſhall have better loos,
Right in deſpite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth ſhe) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth ſmel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a baſket full of roſes.—

Ver. 328. 338. behold another croud, &c.—
From the black trumpet's ruſty, &c.]

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he

Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gathering ſcandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The poiſonous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire through the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own;
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.

Then

IMITATION.

Took out his trump of braſs,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world ſhould overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's ſoune,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And ſuch a ſmoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende—&c.

Then came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame!
But, ſafe in deſerts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd unſeen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.
O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.

And

IMITATION.

Ver. 356. Then came the ſmalleſt, &c.]

I ſaw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they beſoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And ſaid, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne ſuch renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth ſhe, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye deſpite to have my name?
Nay ye ſhall lien everichone:
Blow thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth ſhe) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring theſe folks works by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos ſo cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the ſoune,
All ſo kindly, and eke ſo ſoft,
That ther fame was blown aloft.

And live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride,
To blaze thoſe virtues which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath;
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, though high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſtening Angels lean from heaven to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
Next theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dreſs'd:
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd every maid;
Of unknown Dutcheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleaſure, grant in fame.
The Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
Pleas'd with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:

What

What you (ſhe cry'd), unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigued with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run through all the croud.

Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On ſovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks, that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome power unknown
Straight chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.

Before

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 406. Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty, &c.]
Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

Ver. 418. This having heard and ſeen, &c.] The Scene here changes from the Temple of Fame, to that

Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.
As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,

As

IMITATION.

of Rumour, which is almoſt entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow.

Tho ſaw I ſtonde in a valey,
Under the caſtle faſt by
A houſe, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made ſo wonderly, I wis,
Ne half ſo queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as ſwift as thought,
This queint houſe about went,
That never more it ſtill ſtent—
And eke this houſe hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In Summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may ſene
A thouſand hoels and well mo
To letten the ſoune out-go;
And by day in every tide,
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unſhet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never reſt is in that place.

As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace, is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighbouring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,

Of

IMITATION.

Ver. 448. There various news I heard, &c.]
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of reſt, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and ſtrife,
Of loſs, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of ſickneſs, and leſſings,
Of divers tranſmutations,
Of eſtates and eke of regions,
Of truſt, of dred, of jealouſy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,

Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of Fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:

Aſtro-

IMITATIONS.

Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

Ver. 458. Above, below, without, within, &c.]
But ſuch a grete congregation
Of folke as I ſaw roame about,
Some within, and ſome without,
Was never ſeen, ne ſhall be eft—
And every wight that I ſaw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or elſe he told it openly
Right thus, and ſaid, Knowſt not thou
That is betide to-night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, &c.
——Thus north and ſouth
Went every tyding from mouth to mouth,
And that encreaſing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a ſparkle ſprong amiſs,
Till all the citee brent up is.

Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party zealots, numerous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in every face.
The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too,
In every ear it ſpread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travel'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And towers and temples ſink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below,
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd through the ſky.

There,

There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue through the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and lyé;
The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor

IMITATION.

Ver. 489. There, at one paſſage, &c.]
And ſometime I ſaw there at once,
A leiſing and a ſad ſooth ſaw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever ſo wrothe,
Shall have one of theſe two, but bothe, &c.

Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſts ſo dear a price
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then, teach me, heaven! to ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

JANU-

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,
In days of old, a wiſe and worthy Knight;
Of gentle manners, as of generous race,
Bleſt with much ſenſe, more riches, and ſome grace;
Yet, led aſtray by Venus' ſoft delights,
He ſcarce could rule ſome idle appetites:
For long ago, let Prieſts ſay what they cou'd,
Weak ſinful laymen were but fleſh and blood.
But in due time, when ſixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holineſs inſpir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleaſures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his conſtant prayer,
Once ere he dy'd, to taſte the bliſsful life
Of a kind huſband and a loving wife.
Theſe thoughts he fortify'd with reaſons ſtill,
(For none want reaſons to confirm their will.)

Grave authors ſay, and witty poets ſing,
That honeſt wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment moſt in him appears,
Who wiſely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him chuſe a damſel young and fair,
To bleſs his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To ſooth his cares, and, free from noiſe and ſtrife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let ſinful batchelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,
Like birds and beaſts promiſcuouſly they join:
Nor know to make the preſent bleſſing laſt,
To hope the future, or eſteem the paſt:
But vainly boaſt the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the ſecrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with eaſe,
Secure at once himſelf and heaven to pleaſe;
And paſs his inoffenſive hours away,
In bliſs all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his conſtant ſpouſe remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.

But what ſo pure, which envious tongues will ſpare?
Some wicked wits have libel'd all the fair.
With matchleſs impudence they ſtyle a wife
The dear-bought curſe, and lawful plague of life;
A boſom-ſerpent, a domeſtic evil,
A night-invaſion, and a mid-day devil.
Let not the wiſe theſe ſlanderous words regard,
But curſe the bones of every lying bard.

All

All other goods by fortune's hand are given,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a ſtay,
Like empty ſhadows, paſs, and glide away;
One ſolid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly ſupplies us all our life:
This bleſſing laſts (if thoſe who try ſay true)
As long as heart can wiſh—and longer too.
Our grandſire Adam, ere of Eve poſſeſt,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradiſe unbleſs'd,
With mournful looks the bliſsful ſcenes ſurvey'd,
And wander'd in the ſolitary ſhade:
The Maker ſaw, took pity, and beſtow'd
Woman, the laſt, the beſt reſerv'd of God.
A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adverſity?
Would men but follow what the ſex adviſe,
All things would proſper, all the world grow wiſe.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's bleſſing from an elder ſon:
Abuſive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wiſe conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews ſhow,
Preſerv'd the Jews, and ſlew th' Aſſyrian foe:
At Heſter's ſuit, the perſecuting ſword
Was ſheath'd, and Iſrael liv'd to bleſs the Lord.
Theſe weighty motives, January the ſage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and ſober life,
Would try that Chriſtian comfort, call'd a wife.

His friends were ſummon'd on a point ſo nice,
To paſs their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well reſolv'd was he;
(As men that aſk advice are wont to be.)
My friends, he cry'd (and caſt a mournful look
Around the room, and ſigh'd before he ſpoke:)
Beneath the weight of threeſcore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and haſtening to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I bluſh to tell;
But gracious heaven has ope'd my eyes at laſt,
With due regret I view my vices paſt,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy eaſe.
But, ſince by counſel all things ſhould be done,
And many heads are wiſer ſtill than one;
Chuſe you for me, who beſt ſhall be content
When my deſire 's approv'd by your conſent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife muſt not be old:
There goes a ſaying, and 'twas ſhrewdly ſaid,
Old fiſh at table, but young fleſh in bed.
My ſoul abhors the taſteleſs, dry embrace
Of a ſtale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold ſeaſon Love but treats his gueſt
With bean-ſtraw, and tough forage at the beſt.
No crafty widows ſhall approach my bed;
Thoſe are too wiſe for batchelors to wed;
As ſubtle clerks by many ſchools are made,
Twice-marry'd dames are miſtreſſes o' th' trade:

But

But young and tender virgins rul'd with eaſe,
We form like wax, and mould them as we pleaſe.
Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my ſenſe amiſs;
'Tis what concerns my ſoul's eternal bliſs:
Since if I found no pleaſure in my ſpouſe,
As fleſh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?
Then ſhould I live in lewd adultery,
And ſink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were loſt, for which I wed;
To raiſe up ſeed to bleſs the powers above,
And not for pleaſure only, or for love.
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaſter life:
Thoſe that are bleſt with ſtore of grace divine,
May live like ſaints, by heaven's conſent and mine.
And ſince I ſpeak of wedlock, let me ſay,
(As, thank my ſtars, in modeſt truth I may)
My limbs are active, ſtill I'm ſound at heart,
And a new vigour ſprings in every part.
Think not my virtue loſt, though time has ſhed
Theſe reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with bloſſoms white as ſnow,
The vital ſap then riſing from below:
Old as I am, my luſty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flouriſh all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I ſtand inclin'd,
Let every friend with freedom ſpeak his mind.
He ſaid; the reſt in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urg'd on either ſide:

Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and ſome with reaſon blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous poſitive, and wondrous wiſe,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Juſtin that.
Firſt to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleaſing was his tone):
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!
Yet you purſue ſage Solomon's advice,
To work by counſel when affairs are nice:
But, with the Wiſe Man's leave, I muſt proteſt,
So may my ſoul arrive at eaſe and reſt
As ſtill I hold your own advice the beſt.
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And ſtudy'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have obſerv'd this uſeful maxim ſtill,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour 's in the right.
Th' aſſuming Wit, who deems himſelf ſo wiſe,
As his miſtaken patron to adviſe,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whoſe every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord:
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleaſing to God, and ſhould be ſo to man!
At leaſt, your courage all the world muſt praiſe,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.

In-

Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let grey fools be indolently good,
Who, paſt all pleaſure, damn the joys of ſenſe,
With reverend dulneſs, and grave impotence.
Juſtin, who ſilent ſat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philoſophic frown, began.
A heathen author of the firſt degree,
(Who, though not Faith, had Senſe as well as we)
Bids us be certain our concerns to truſt
To thoſe of generous principles, and juſt.
The venture 's greater, I'll preſume to ſay,
To give your perſon, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your reſt,
Firſt learn your lady's qualities at leaſt:
Whether ſhe 's chaſte or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a ſaint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an eaſy, fond, familiar fool,
Or ſuch a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none muſt hope to find
In all this world, much leſs in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger ſhare,
Bleſs the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the ſtate you thus commend;
And, ſpite of all his praiſes, muſt declare,
All he can find is bondage, coſt, and care.
Heaven knows, I ſhed full many a private tear,
And ſigh in ſilence, leſt the world ſhould hear!
While all my friends applaud my bliſsful life,
And ſwear no mortal 's happier in a wife;

Demure

Demure and chaſte as any veſtal Nun,
The meekeſt creature that beholds the ſun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that ſmarts has reaſon to complain.
Do what you liſt, for me; you muſt be ſage,
And cautious ſure; for wiſdom is in age:
But at theſe years, to venture on the fair;
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To pleaſe a wife, when her occaſions call,
Would buſy the moſt vigorous of us all.
And truſt me, Sir, the chafteſt you can chuſe
Will aſk obſervance, and exact her dues.
If what I ſpeak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious ſermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Moſt worthy kinſman, faith you're mighty wiſe!
We, Sirs, are fools; and muſt reſign the cauſe
To heatheniſh authors, proverbs, and old ſaws.
He ſpoke with ſcorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, ſay?
I ſay, quoth he, by heaven the man 's to blame,
To ſlander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council roſe, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full conſent, that, all diſputes appeas'd,
The knight ſhould marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his ſoul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind poſſeſt,
And reign'd the ſhort-liv'd tyrant of his breaſt;

While

While fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in ſome public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirrour ſhows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in ſwift ſucceſſion, paſs
The gliding ſhadows o'er the poliſh'd glaſs.
This Lady's charms the niceſt could not blame,
But vile ſuſpicions had aſpers'd her fame;
That was with ſenſe, but not with virtue, bleſt;
And one had grace, that wanted all the reſt.
Thus doubting long what nymph he ſhould obey,
He fixt at laſt upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her eaſy motion, her attractive air,
Her ſweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving ſoftneſs, and majeſtic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could diſpute his choice:
Once more in haſte he ſummon'd every friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heaven, that (ſaid he) inſpir'd me firſt to wed,
Provides a conſort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppoſe th' election, ſince on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliſs.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artleſs, innocent, and wiſe;
Chaſte, though not rich; and, though not nobly born,
Of honeſt parents, and may ſerve my turn.

Her

Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven ſo pleaſe;
To paſs my age in ſanctity and eaſe:
And thank the powers, I may poſſeſs alone
The lovely prize, and ſhare my bliſs with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happineſs is ſure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,
By caſuiſts grave, and deep divines averr'd;
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliſs of heaven above, and earth below.
Now ſhould the nuptial pleaſures prove ſo great,
To match the bleſſings of the future ſtate,
Thoſe endleſs joys were ill-exchang'd for theſe;
Then clear this doubt, and ſet my mind at eaſe.
This Juſtin heard, nor could his ſpleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the ſoul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it paſt your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers ſo far conſent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial ſtate approves,
Since it chaſtiſes ſtill what beſt it loves.
Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to deſpair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One that may do your buſineſs to a hair;
Not ev'n in wiſh, your happineſs delay,
But prove the ſcourge to laſh you on your way:
Then to the ſkies your mounting ſoul ſhall go,
Swift as an arrow ſoaring from the bow!

Provided

Provided ſtill, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleaſures all your might employ,
Let reaſon's rule your ſtrong deſires abate,
Nor pleaſe too laviſhly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment moſt acute,
Who ſolve theſe queſtions beyond all diſpute;
Conſult with thoſe, and be of better chear;
Marry, do penance, and diſmiſs your fear.
So ſaid, they roſe, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the propoſals made.
The parents, you may think, would ſoon comply;
The Old have intereſt ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, ſtill the Fair are kind.
I paſs each previous ſettlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence diſplay
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to Church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Prieſt, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebeccah lead her life:
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bleſs,
And made all ſure enough with holineſs.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The gueſts appear in order, ſide by ſide,
And plac'd in ſtate the bridegroom and the bride,
The breathing flute's ſoft notes are heard around,
And the ſhrill trumpets mix their ſilver ſound;

The

The vaulted roofs with echoing muſic ring,
Theſe touch the vocal ſtops, and thoſe the trembling ſtring.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the ſounding clarion could inſpire,
Nor fierce Theodamas, whoſe ſprightly ſtrain
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himſelf, the nuptial feaſt to grace,
(So Poets ſing) was preſent on the place:
And lovely Venus, Goddeſs of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open ſight,
And danc'd around, and ſmil'd on every Knight:
Pleas'd her beſt ſervant would his courage try,
No leſs in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not ſpy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or ſo bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial ſong;
Think not your ſofteſt numbers can diſplay
The matchleſs glories of this bliſsful day:
The joys are ſuch, as far tranſcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded ſtooping age.
The beauteous dame ſat ſmiling at the board,
And darted amorous glances at her Lord.
Not Heſter's ſelf, whoſe charms the Hebrews ſing,
E'er look'd ſo lovely on her Perſian King:
Bright as the riſing ſun, in ſummer's day,
And freſh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight ſurvey'd her by his ſide,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:

Still

Still as his mind revolv'd with vaſt delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Reſtleſs he ſate, invoking every power
To ſpeed his bliſs, and haſte the happy hour.
Meantime the vigorous dancers beat the ground,
And ſongs were ſung, and flowing bowls went round.
With odorous ſpices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleaſure ſhone in every face.
  Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midſt of triumphs, ſigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the Knight's obſequious ſquire,
Conſum'd at heart, and fed a ſecret fire.
His lovely Miſtreſs all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
He look'd, he languiſh'd, and could take no reſt:
His taſk perform'd, he ſadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waſte in equal flame.
  The weary ſun, as learned Poets write,
Forſook th' Horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glittering ſtars his abſent beams ſupply,
And night's dark mantle overſpread the ſky.
Then roſe the gueſts; and, as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
  The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undreſs,
So keen he was, and eager to poſſeſs:
But firſt thought fit th' aſſiſtance to receive,
Which grave Phyſicians ſcruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos ſtood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,

Whoſe

Whoſe uſe old Bards deſcribe in luſcious rhymes,
And Critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the ſheets were ſpread, the bride undreſs'd,
The room was ſprinkled, and the bed was bleſs'd.
What next enſued beſeems not me to ſay;
'Tis ſung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briſkly ſprung from bed, with heart ſo light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And ſip'd his cordial as he ſat upright.
He kiſs'd his balmy ſpouſe with wanton play,
And feebly ſung a luſty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he caſt:
For every labour muſt have reſt at laſt.
But anxious cares the penſive Squire oppreſs'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forſook his breaſt;
The raging flames that in his boſom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell,
Yet hoping time th' occaſion might betray,
Compos'd a ſonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the niceſt art,
He wrapp'd in ſilk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old Knight mov'd ſlowly by her ſide.
High maſs was ſung; they feaſted in the hall;
The ſervants round ſtood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was abſent from the board,
And much his ſickneſs griev'd his worthy Lord,

Who

Who pray'd his ſpouſe, attended with her train,
To viſit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one conſent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe ſurround him as he lay,
And cloſe beſide him ſate the gentle May:
Where, as ſhe try'd his pulſe, he ſoftly drew
A heaving ſigh, and caſt a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the powers divine,
With ſecret vows, to favour his deſign.
  Who ſtudies now but diſcontented May?
On her ſoft couch uneaſily ſhe lay:
The lumpiſh huſband ſnor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not preſume to tell,
Nor if ſhe thought herſelf in heaven or hell:
Honeſt and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all aroſe to pray.
  Were it by forceful deſtiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that ſome ſtar, with aſpect kind to love,
Shed its ſelecteſt influence from above;
Whatever was the cauſe, the tender dame
Felt the firſt motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impreſſions of the love-ſick Squire,
And waſted in the ſoft infectious fire:
  Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity thoſe who love!
Had ſome fierce tyrant in her ſtead been found,
The poor adorer ſure had hang'd, or drown'd:

But ſhe, your ſex's mirrour, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some ſages have defin'd
Pleaſure the ſovereign bliſs of human-kind:
Our Knight (who ſtudy'd much, we may ſuppoſe)
Deriv'd his high philoſophy from thoſe;
For, like a prince, he bore the vaſt expence
Of laviſh pomp, and proud magnificence:
His houſe was ſtately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His ſpacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compaſs'd round with walls of ſolid ſtone;
Priapus could not half deſcribe the grace
(Though God of gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long deſcriptions, and exceed Romance;
Enough to ſhame the gentleſt bard that ſings
Of painted meadows, and of purling ſprings.
Full in the centre of the flowery ground,
A cryſtal fountain ſpread its ſtreams around;
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:
About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light ſports purſue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprites a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.
Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His ſcene of pleaſure, and peculiar care)

For

For this he held it dear, and always bore
The ſilver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this ſweet place in ſummer's ſultry heat,
He us'd from noiſe and buſineſs to retreat;
And here in dalliance ſpend the live-long day;
" Solus cum ſola," with his ſprightly May,
For whate'er work was undiſcharg'd a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden ſped.
But, ah! what mortal lives of bliſs ſecure?
How ſhort a ſpace our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treacherous kind,
But faithleſs ſtill, and wavering as the wind!
O painted monſter, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleaſing poiſon, and with ſoft deceit!
This rich, this amorous venerable knight,
Amidſt his eaſe, his ſolace and delight,
Struck blind by thee, reſigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's laſt relief.
The rage of jealouſy then ſeiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.
His wife, not ſuffer'd from his ſide to ſtray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day;
Abridg'd her pleaſures, and confin'd her ſway.
Full oft in tears did hapleſs May complain,
And ſigh'd full oft; but ſigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,
For, oh, 'twas fix'd; ſhe muſt poſſeſs or die!
Nor leſs impatience vex'd her amorous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with deſire.

Watch'd as ſhe was, yet could he not refrain
By ſecret writing to diſcloſe his pain:
The dame by ſigns reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conſcious what each other meant.
Ah, gentle Knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Though they could ſee as far as ſhips can ſail?
'Tis better, ſure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can ſee!
Argus himſelf, ſo cautious and ſo wiſe,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honeſt huſband may, 'tis known,
Who, wiſely, never thinks the caſe his own.
The dame at laſt, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her Knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impreſſion to the truſty Squire.
By means of this, ſome wonder ſhall appear,
Which, in due place and ſeaſon, you may hear.
Well ſung ſweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What ſlight is that, which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thiſbe plainly ſhow
The feats true lovers, when they lift, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet in ſpite of all,
They found the art of kiſſing through a wall.
But now no longer from our tale to ſtray;
It happ'd, that once upon a ſummer's day,
Our reverend Knight was urg'd to amorous play;
He rais'd his ſpouſe ere Matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he ſung.

Awake,

Awake, my love, diſcloſe thy radiant eyes;
Ariſe, my wife, my beauteous lady, riſe!
Hear how the doves with penſive notes complain,
And in ſoft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's paſt; the clouds and tempeſts fly;
The ſun adorns the fields, and brightens all the ſky.
Fair without ſpot, whoſe every charming part
My boſom wounds, and captivates my heart:
Come, and in mutual pleaſures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.
This heard, to Damian ſtraight a ſign ſhe made,
To haſte before; the gentle Squire obey'd:
Secret, and undeſcry'd, he took his way,
And ambuſh'd cloſe behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was ſure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate ſecure.
Here let us walk, he ſaid, obſerv'd by none,
Conſcious of pleaſures to the world unknown:
So may my ſoul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the deareſt ſolace of my life;
And rather would I chuſe, by Heaven above,
To die this inſtant, than to loſe thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my paſſion ſhewn,
When unendow'd I took thee for my own,
And ſought no treaſure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of ſight,
Whilſt thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age nor blindneſs rob me of delight.

Each other loſs with patience I can bear,
The loſs of thee is what I only fear.
Conſider then, my lady, and my wife,
The ſolid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, firſt, the love of Chriſt himſelf you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And laſtly, that which ſure your mind muſt move,
My whole eſtate ſhall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's ſun
Diſplays his light, by Heaven, it ſhall be done.
I ſeal the contract with a holy kiſs,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, ſpouſe, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealouſy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my ſober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear ſide I have no power to part,
Such ſecret tranſports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once poſſeſs'd thoſe heavenly charms,
Could live one moment abſent from thy arms?
He ceas'd, and May with modeſt grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd:)
Heaven knows (with that a tender ſigh ſhe drew)
I have a ſoul to ſave as well as you;
And, what no leſs you to my charge commend,
My deareſt honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy Church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's ſacred band;
Yet, after this, if you diſtruſt my care,
Then hear, my Lord, and witneſs what I ſwear.

Firſt may the yawning earth her boſom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive deſcend;
Or die the death I dread no leſs than hell,
Sew'd in a ſack, and plung'd into a well;
Ere I my fame by one lewd act diſgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race,
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loath a whore, and ſtartle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to ſuſpect:
Elſe why theſe needleſs cautions, Sir, to me?
Theſe doubts and fears of female conſtancy!
This chime ſtill rings in every lady's ear,
The only ſtrain a wife muſt hope to hear.

Thus while ſhe ſpoke, a ſidelong glance ſhe caſt,
Where Damian, kneeling, worſhip'd as ſhe paſt.
She ſaw him watch the motions of her eye,
And ſingled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly ſhow,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obſequious Squire addreſs'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the ſummit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale purſue.

'Twas now the ſeaſon when the glorious ſun
His heavenly progreſs through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flowery fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, riſing bright,
Had ſtreak'd the azure firmament with light;

He pierc'd the glittering clouds with golden ſtreams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It ſo befel, in that fair morning-tide,
The Fairies ſported on the garden-ſide,
And in the midſt their Monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights ſo nimbly o'er the greenſword bound,
That ſcarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daiſies ſearch'd the flowery plain;
While, on a bank reclin'd of riſing green,
Thus, with a frown, the King beſpoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women uſe to man:
A thouſand authors have this truth made out,
And ſad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heaven reſt thy ſpirit, noble Solomon,
A wiſer monarch never ſaw the ſun;
All wealth, all honours, the ſupreme degree
Of earthly bliſs, was well beſtow'd on thee!
For ſagely haſt thou ſaid: Of all mankind,
One only juſt and righteous hope to find:
But ſhouldſt thou ſearch the ſpacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus ſays the King, who knew your wickedneſs:
The ſon of Sirach teſtifies no leſs.
So may ſome wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or ſome devouring plague conſume you all;

As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you ſee:
But ſince he's blind and old (a helpleſs caſe)
His Squire ſhall cuckold him before your face.
Now, by my own dread majeſty I ſwear,
And by this awful ſceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch ſhall 'ſcape unpuniſh'd long,
That in my preſence offers ſuch a wrong.
I will this inſtant undeceive the Knight,
And in the very act reſtore his ſight:
And ſet the ſtrumpet here in open view,
A warning to theſe Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithleſs ſex, for ever to be true.
And will you ſo, reply'd the Queen, indeed?
Now, by my mother's ſoul it is decreed,
She ſhall not want an anſwer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the ſex in each ſucceeding age!
Art ſhall be theirs, to varniſh an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a ſtrict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they ſhall need is to proteſt and ſwear,
Breathe a ſoft ſigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wiſe huſbands, gull'd by arts like theſe,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geeſe.
What though this ſlanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiſer wits of later times declare,
How conſtant, chaſte, and virtuous women are:

Witneſs

Witneſs the martyrs, who reſign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witneſs next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
But, ſince the ſacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why ſhould not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have ſhown,
That ſovereign goodneſs dwells in him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worſt; ſhall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has ſaid?
What though this King (as ancient ſtory boaſts)
Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hoſts;
He ceas'd at laſt his Maker to adore,
And did as much for Idol gods, or more.
Beware what laviſh praiſes you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whoſe reign, indulgent God, ſays holy writ,
Did but for David's righteous ſake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who lov'd our ſex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I 'm a Woman, and as ſuch muſt ſpeak;
Silence would ſwell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I ſcorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heaven, thoſe authors are our ſex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I muſt and will oppoſe.
Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but ſince I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd knight again ſhould ſee:
It muſt be done—I am a King, ſaid he,

And

And one, whoſe faith has ever ſacred been.
And ſo has mine (ſhe ſaid)—I am a Queen:
Her anſwer ſhe ſhall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all diſpute I make.
Try when you liſt; and you ſhall find, my Lord,
It is not in our ſex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic ſtrain,
And to the Knight our ſtory turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay:
This was his ſong; "Oh kind and conſtant be,
"Conſtant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus ſinging as he went, at laſt he drew
By eaſy ſteps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and ſpy'd her Love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She ſtopp'd, and ſighing: Oh good Gods! ſhe cry'd,
What pangs, what ſudden ſhoots, diſtend my ſide!
O for that tempting fruit, ſo freſh, ſo green;
Help, for the love of Heaven's immortal Queen!
Help, deareſt Lord, and ſave at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore ſigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no ſervant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-ſight too,
What could, alas! a helpleſs huſband do?
And muſt I languiſh then, ſhe ſaid, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At leaſt, kind Sir, for charity's ſweet ſake,
Vouchſafe the trunk between your arms to take

Then

Then from your back I might aſcend the tree;
Do you but ſtoop, and leave the reſt to me.
With all my ſoul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd ſpend my deareſt blood to eaſe thy pain.
With that, his back againſt the trunk he bent,
She ſeiz'd a twig, and up the tree ſhe went.
Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phraſe refin'd;
Though blunt my tale, yet honeſt is my mind.
What feats the Lady in the Tree might do,
I paſs, as gambols never known to you;
But ſure it was a merrier fit, ſhe ſwore,
Than in her life ſhe ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Lookt out, and ſtood reſtor'd to ſudden ſight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whoſe thoughts were on his ſpouſe intent;
But when he ſaw his boſom-wife ſo dreſs'd,
His rage was ſuch as cannot be expreſs'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted ſky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he ſtorm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what doſt thou do there?
What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my huſband ſee,
By ſtruggling with a Man upon a Tree?

Did

Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whoſe crime was too much love!
  If this be ſtruggling, by this holy light,
'Tis ſtruggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight)
So Heaven preſerve the ſight it has reſtor'd,
As with theſe eyes I plainly ſaw thee whor'd;
Whor'd by my ſlave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As ſurely ſeize thee, as I ſaw too well.
  Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you ſee,
You ne'er had us'd theſe killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect ſight,
But ſome faint glimmering of a doubtful light.
  What I have ſaid (quoth he) I muſt maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it *ſeem'd* too plain—
  By all thoſe powers, ſome frenzy ſeiz'd your mind
(Reply'd the dame): are theſe the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was ſo kind!
She ſaid; a riſing ſigh expreſs'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, ſhe wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they liſt, can cry).
  The Knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorſe, while thus his ſpouſe he chear'd:
Madam, 'tis paſt, and my ſhort anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuſe me, dear, if aught amiſs was ſaid,
For, on my ſoul, amends ſhall ſoon be made:

Let

Let my repentance your forgiveneſs draw,
By Heaven, I ſwore but what I *thought* I ſaw.
Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (ſhe cry'd)
On bare ſuſpicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your ſight 's eſtabliſh'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your ſenſe beguile.
Thus when from ſleep we firſt our eyes diſplay,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And duſky vapours riſe, and intercept the day.
So, juſt recovering from the ſhades of night,
Your ſwimming eyes are drunk with ſudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and ſkim before your ſight:
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too raſhly deem;
Heaven knows how ſeldom things are what they ſeem!
Conſult your reaſon, and you ſoon ſhall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er ſpoke oracle more true than this,
None judge ſo wrong as thoſe who think amiſs.
With that ſhe leap'd into her Lord's embrace,
With well-diſſembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her cloſe, and kiſs'd her o'er and o'er,
Diſturb'd with doubts and jealouſies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bleſs'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing ſpouſe.
Thus ends our tale; whoſe moral next to make,
Let all wiſe huſbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleaſure of their lives,
To be ſo well deluded by their wives.

THE

THE

WIFE OF BATH

HER PROLOGUE,

FROM

CHAUCER.

BEHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with reverence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wiſdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all theſe trials I have borne a part,
I was myſelf the ſcourge that caus'd the ſmart;
For, ſince fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive Huſbands from the Church to bed.
Chriſt ſaw a wedding once, the Scripture ſays,
And ſaw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence ſome infer, whoſe conſcience is too nice,
No pious Chriſtian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and ſolve me, if they can,
The words addreſs'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock ſhe was join'd;
And ſure the certain ſtint was ne'er defin'd.
"Encreaſe and multiply," was Heaven's command,
And that 's a text I clearly underſtand.
This too, "Let men their ſires and mothers leave,
"And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."

More

More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or elſe the wiſeſt of mankind 's bely'd.
I've had myſelf full many a merry fit;
And truſt in heaven, I may have many yet,
For when my tranſitory ſpouſe, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Chriſtian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never ſerve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There 's danger in aſſembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The ſame apoſtle too has elſewhere own'd,
No precept for Virginity he found:
'Tis but a counſel—and we women ſtill
Take which we like, the counſel, or our will.
I envy not their bliſs, if he or ſhe
Think fit to live in perfect chaſtity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few ſlight ſpots, am not ſo nice;
Heaven calls us different ways, on theſe beſtows
One proper gift, another grants to thoſe:
Not every man 's oblig'd to ſell his ſtore,
And give up all his ſubſtance to the poor;
Such as are perfect may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, Divines, ſo am not I.
Full many a Saint, ſince firſt the world began,
Liv'd an unſpotted Maid, in ſpite of man:
Let ſuch (a-God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honeſt wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the poſt aſſign'd by heaven,
And uſe the copious talent it has given;

Let

Let my good ſpouſe pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reckoning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For ſo ſaid Paul, and Paul 's a ſound divine.

Know then, of thoſe five huſbands I have had,
Three were juſt tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beſide,
And toil'd moſt piteouſly to pleaſe their bride:
But ſince their wealth (the beſt they had) was mine,
The reſt, without much loſs, I could reſign.
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to pleaſe,
Yet had more Pleaſure far than they had Eaſe.

Preſents flow'd in apace: with ſhowers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but ſmil'd, a ſudden youth they found,
And a new palſy ſeiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye ſovereign wives! give ear and underſtand,
Thus ſhall ye ſpeak, and exerciſe command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie ſo boldly as we women can:
Forſwear the fact, though ſeen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witneſs how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to ſay)
Whence is our neighbour's wife ſo rich and gay?
Treated, careſs'd, where'er ſhe's pleas'd to roam—
I ſit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her houſe doſt thou ſo oft repair?
Art thou ſo amorous? and is ſhe ſo fair?
If I but ſee a couſin or a friend,
Lord! how you ſwell, and rage like any fiend!

But you reel home, a drunken beaſtly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your eaſy chair;
Cry, wives are falſe, and every woman evil,
And give up all that 's female to the devil.
If poor (you ſay) ſhe drains her huſband's purſe;
If rich, ſhe keeps her prieſt, or ſomething worſe;
If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns poſſeſs her brain,
Now gayly mad, now ſourly ſplenetic;
Freakiſh when well, and fretful when ſhe 's ſick.
If fair, then chaſte ſhe cannot long abide,
By preſſing youth attack'd on every ſide:
If foul, her wealth the luſty lover lures,
Or elſe her wit ſome fool-gallant procures,
Or elſe ſhe dances with becoming grace,
Or ſhape excuſes the defects of face.
There ſwims no gooſe ſo grey, but, ſoon or late,
She finds ſome honeſt gander for her mate.
Horſes (thou ſay'ſt) and aſſes men may try,
And ring ſuſpected veſſels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtſhip, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil 's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preſerve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes muſt always languiſh on my face,
Your tongue with conſtant flatteries feed my ear,
And tag each ſentence with, My life! my dear!
If, by ſtrange chance, a modeſt bluſh be rais'd,
Be ſure my fine complexion muſt be prais'd.

My

My garments always muſt be new and gay,
And feaſts ſtill kept upon my wedding-day.
Then muſt my nurſe be pleas'd, and favourite maid;
And endleſs treats, and endleſs viſits paid,
To a long train of kindred, friends, allies;
All this thou ſay'ſt, and all thou ſay'ſt are lies.
On Jenkin too you caſt a ſquinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raiſe your jealouſy?
Freſh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burniſh'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy ſorrow,
I'd ſcorn your 'prentice, ſhould you die to-morrow.
Why are thy cheſts all lock'd? on what deſign?
Are not thy worldly goods and treaſure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool: nor ſhall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourſelf alone.
One you ſhall quit, in ſpite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the ſpies.
If you had wit, you'd ſay, "Go where you will,
"Dear ſpouſe, I credit not the tales they tell:
"Take all the freedoms of a married life;
"I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily ſoever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, ſufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a juſt and rational deſire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There 's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modeſt that are gay.

The Cat, if you but ſinge her tabby ſkin,
The chimney keeps, and ſits content within;
But once grown ſleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the ſun;
She licks her fair round face, and friſks abroad,
To ſhew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my deſires
Theſe three right ancient venerable ſires.
I told them, thus you ſay, and thus you do,
And told them falſe, but Jenkin ſwore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And firſt complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs ſcarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And ſwore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to ſpy what damſels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To ſpin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent courſe,
By murmuring, wheedling, ſtratagem, and force,
I ſtill prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a reſtleſs night.
If once my huſband's arm was o'er my ſide,
What! ſo familiar with your ſpouſe? I cry'd:
I levied firſt a tax upon his need:
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our ſex is to be ſold.

With

With empty hands no taſſels you can lure,
But fulſome love for gain we can endure;
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiſs, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curſes oft I mix'd,
Then kiſs'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear diſpute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himſelf had ſat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I ſpoke,
" Billy, my dear, how ſheepiſhly you look!
" Approach, my ſpouſe, and let me kiſs thy cheek;
" Thou ſhould'ſt be always thus, reſign'd and meek!
" Of Job's great patience ſince ſo oft you preach,
" Well ſhould you practiſe, who ſo well can teach.
" 'Tis difficult to do, I muſt allow,
" But I, my deareſt, will inſtruct you how.
" Great is the bleſſing of a prudent wife,
" Who puts a period to domeſtic ſtrife.
" One of us two muſt rule, and one obey;
" And ſince in man right reaſon bears the ſway,
" Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
" The wives of all my family have rul'd
" Their tender huſbands, and their paſſions cool'd.
" Fy, 'tis unmanly thus to ſigh and groan;
" What! would you have me to yourſelf alone?
" Why take me, Love! take all and every part!
" Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.

" Would I vouchſafe to ſell what nature gave,
" You little think what cuſtom I could have.
" But ſee! I'm all your own—nay hold—for ſhame;
" What means my dear—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my firſt three Lords I paſt my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What ſums from theſe old ſpouſes I could raiſe,
Procur'd young huſbands in my riper days.
Though paſt my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances ſtill I bore the bell,
And ſung as ſweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quailpipe, and refreſh my ſoul,
Full oft I drain'd the ſpicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich luſcious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the ſwelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as ſure, as cold engenders hail,
A liquoriſh mouth muſt have a lecherous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gameſters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I caſt
On all the joys of youth and beauty paſt,
To find in pleaſures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conqueſts, all my charms, good night!
The flour conſum'd, the beſt that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear ſpouſe was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miſs or two;

But

But all that ſcore I paid—as how? you'll ſay,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I ſo dreſs'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend with eyes ſo very kind,
As ſtung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantic jealouſy.
His ſoul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his Purgatory.
Oft, when his ſhoe the moſt ſeverely wrung,
He put on careleſs airs, and ſate and ſung.
How ſore I gall'd him, only heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He dy'd, when laſt from pilgrimage I came,
With other goſſips, from Jeruſalem;
And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be ſeen, and rear'd of honeſt wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer ſculptures grac'd,
Than that Mauſolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where inſhrin'd the great Darius lay;
But coſt on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bleſt the good man's ſoul, I ſay no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the laſt and beſt;
(Kind heaven afford him everlaſting reſt!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can ſhew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the ſmart was ſhooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we ſcorn, and love what coſts us pains:

Let men avoid us, and on them we leap:
A glutted market makes proviſion cheap.
In pure good-will I took this jovial ſpark,
Of Oxford he, a moſt egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A truſty goſſip, one dame Aliſon.
Full well the ſecrets of my ſoul ſhe knew,
Better than e'er our pariſh-prieſt could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my huſband piſs'd againſt a wall,
Or done a thing that might have coſt his life,
She— and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what moſt he would conceal,
To theſe I made no ſcruple to reveal.
Oft has he bluſh'd from ear to ear for ſhame,
That e'er he told a ſecret to his dame.
It ſo befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this goſſip went
(My huſband, thank my ſtars, was out of town);
From houſe to houſe we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myſelf, and my good neighbour Alſe,
To ſee, be ſeen, to tell, and gather tales.
Viſits to every Church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy Maſquerade,
The Stations duly and the Vigils kept;
Not much we faſted, but ſcarce ever ſlept.
At Sermons too I ſhone in ſcarlet gay;
The waſting moth ne'er ſpoil'd my beſt array;
The cauſe was this, I wore it every day.

'Twas

'Twas when freſh May her early bloſſom yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields,
We grew ſo intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my huſband in his urn,
That he, and only he, ſhould ſerve my turn.
We ſtraight ſtruck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I ſtill have ſhifts againſt a time of need:
The mouſe that always truſts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouſe of any ſoul.
I vow'd, I ſcarce could ſleep ſince firſt I knew him,
And durſt be ſworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I ſlept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have ſhown.
All this I ſaid; but dreams, ſirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month we paſt;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my ſpouſe at laſt.
I tore my gown, I ſoil'd my locks with duſt,
And beat my breaſts, as wretched widows—muſt.
Before my face my handkerchief I ſpread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not ſhed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he ſhow'd a pair
Of legs and feet, ſo clean, ſo ſtrong, ſo fair!
Of twenty winters age he ſeem'd to be;
I (to ſay truth) was twenty more than he;

But

But vigorous ſtill, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A Conjurer once, that deeply could divine,
Aſſur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my ſign.
As the ſtars order'd, ſuch my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was ſin!
Fair Venus gave me fire and ſprightly grace,
And Mars aſſurance and a dauntleſs face.
By virtue of this powerful conſtellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month ſcarce paſs'd away,
With dance and ſong we kept the nuptial day.
All I poſſeſs'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, houſe, and land:
But oft repeated, and repent it ſtill;
He prov'd a rebel to my ſovereign will:
Nay once, by Heaven, he ſtruck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourſelves the caſe.
Stubborn as any lioneſs was I;
And knew full well to raiſe my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be ſo, in ſpite of all he ſwore.
He againſt this right ſagely would adviſe,
And old examples ſet before my eyes,
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And cloſe the ſermon, as beſeem'd his wit,
With ſome grave ſentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he ſay, Who builds his houſe on ſands,
Pricks his blind horſe acroſs the fallow lands,

Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deſerves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And ſo do numbers more, I boldly ſay,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My ſpouſe (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain Treatiſe oft at evening read,
Where divers Authors (whom the devil confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chryſippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïſa's Loves;
And many more than ſure the Church approves.
More legends were there here of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquiſh'd? 'Twas a Man.
But could we women write as ſcholars can,
Men ſhould ſtand mark'd with far more wickedneſs,
Than all the ſons of Adam could redreſs.
Love ſeldom haunts the breaſt where Learning lies,
And Venus ſets ere Mercury can riſe.
Thoſe play the ſcholars, who can't play the men,
And uſe that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and paſt the reliſh of delight,
Then down they ſit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpoſe now.)
It chanc'd my huſband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with ſtrange delight,

How

How the firſt female (as the Scriptures ſhow)
Brought her own ſpouſe and all his race to woe.
How Samſon fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrap'd in th' envenom'd ſhirt, and ſet on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambuſh Clytemneſtra laid.
But what moſt pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame,
And Huſband-bull—oh monſtrous, fie for ſhame!
He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft ſhe ſcolded in a day, he knew,
How many piſs-pots on the Sage ſhe threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder," that was all he ſaid.
He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives ſucceſſively had twin'd
A ſliding nooſe, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me ſome ſlip of this moſt bliſsful tree,
And in my garden planted ſhall it be.
Then how two wives their lords' deſtruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her huſband mix'd a poiſonous draught,
And this for luſt an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice ſoon ſeiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How

How ſome with ſwords their ſleeping lords have ſlain,
And ſome have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And ſome have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and ſwell'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of theſe vile tales I found,
When ſtill he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus conſum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my huſband in a fury roſe,
And down he ſettled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my ſide;
Oh! thou haſt ſlain me for my wealth (I cry'd),
Yet I forgive thee—take my laſt embrace—
He wept, kind ſoul! and ſtoop'd to kiſs my face,
I took him ſuch a box as turn'd him blue,
Then ſigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty ſtruggle paſt,
I condeſcended to be pleas'd at laſt.
Soon as he ſaid, My miſtreſs and my wife,
Do what you liſt, the term of all your life:
I took to heart the merits of the cauſe,
And ſtood content to rule by wholeſome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of abſolute command,
With all the government of houſe and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.

Now

Now heaven on all my huſbands gone beſtow
Pleaſures above, for tortures felt below:
That reſt they wiſh'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bleſs thoſe ſouls my conduct help'd to ſave!

THE

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

Tranſlated in the Year MDCCIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

OEDIPUS King of Thebes, having by miſtake ſlain his father Laïus, and married his mother Jocaſta, put out his own eyes, and reſigned the realm to his ſons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tiſiphone, to ſow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at laſt to reign ſingly each a year by turns, and the firſt lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his reſolution of puniſhing the Thebans, and Argives alſo, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adraſtus King of Argos. Juno oppoſes, but to no effect; and Mercury is ſent on a meſſage to the Shades, to the ghoſt of Laïus, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a ſtorm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adraſtus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughters ſhould be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he underſtands to be meant of theſe ſtrangers, by whom the hides of thoſe beaſts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feaſt in honour of that God. The riſe of this ſolemnity he relates to his gueſts, the loves of Phœbus and Pſamathe, and the ſtory of Chorœbus. He enquires, and is made acquainted with their deſcent and quality. The ſacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Tranſlator hopes he needs not apologiſe for his choice of this piece, which was made almoſt in his Childhood. But, finding the Verſion better than he expected, he gave it ſome Correction a few years afterwards.

THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
The alternate reign deſtroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our ſong; a ſacred fury fires
My raviſh'd breaſt, and all the Muſe inſpires.
O Goddeſs, ſay, ſhall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's ſtern decree,
And Cadmus ſearching round the ſpacious ſea?
How with the ſerpent's teeth he ſow'd the ſoil,
And reap'd an iron harveſt of his toil?

Or

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, ſonteſque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deae? gentiſne canam primordia dirae?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreae? ſcrutantemque aequora Cadmum?
Longo retro ſeries, trepidum ſi Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem praelia ſulcis

Or how from joining ſtones the city ſprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion ſung?
Or ſhall I Juno's hate to Thebes reſound,
Whoſe fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The fire againſt the ſon his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a ſecond hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main.
But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muſe! the barrier of thy ſong
At Oedipus—from his diſaſters trace
The long confuſions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to ſtretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæſar's conquering eagles ſing;
How twice he tam'd proud Iſter's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains ſtream'd with barbarous blood;
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And ſtretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole;

Or

Expediam, penituſque ſequar quo carmine muris
Juſſerit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves irae cognata in moenia Baccho,
Quod ſaevae Junonis opus; cui ſumpſerit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, ſocio caſura Palaemone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et proſpera Cadmi
Praeteriiſſe ſinam; limes mihi carminis eſto
Oedipodae confuſa domus; quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos auſim ſperare triumphos,
Biſque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Iſtrum,

Or long before, with early valour, ſtrove
In youthful arms t' aſſert the cauſe of Jove.
And Thou, great Heir of all thy father's fame,
Increaſe of glory to the Latian name!
O bleſs thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let deſiring worlds entreat in vain.
What though the ſtars contract their heavenly ſpace,
And croud their ſhining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the ſkies, ambitious of thy ſway,
Conſpire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more ſerenely ſhine;
Though Jove himſelf no leſs content would be
To part his throne, and ſhare his heaven with thee;
Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! and vouchſafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;

Reſign

Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos:
Aut defenſa prius vix pubeſcentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiae decus addite famae,
Quem nova maturi ſubeuntem exorſa parentis
Aeternum ſibi Roma cupit: licet arctior omnes
Limes agat ſtellas, et te plaga lucida coeli
Pleïadum, Boreaeque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet; licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipſe tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Jupiter aequa
Parte poli; maneas hominum contentus habenis,

Reſign to Jove his empire of the ſkies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breaſt to ſing of Cæſar's fame:
Meanwhile permit, that my preluding Muſe
In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuſe:
Of furious hate ſurviving death, ſhe ſings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air
Expreſs the diſcord of the ſouls they bear:
Of towns diſpeopled, and the wandering ghoſts
Of Kings unbury'd in the waſted coaſts;
When Dirce's fountain bluſh'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Iſmenos' ſwelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling ſurges ſweep,
In heaps, his ſlaughter'd ſons into the deep.
What Hero, Clio! wilt thou firſt relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?

Or

Undarum terraeque potens, et ſidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior oeſtro
Facta canam: nunc tendo chelyn. ſatis arma referre
Aonia, et geminis ſceptrum exitiale tyrannis,
Nec furiis poſt fata modum, flammaſque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumuliſque carentia regum
Funera, et egeſtas alternis mortibus urbes;
Caerula cum rubuit Lernaeo ſanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis arentes aſſuetum ſtringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Iſmenon acervo.

Or how, with hills of ſlain on every ſide,
Hippomedon repell'd the hoſtile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verſe extend,
And ſing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of ſight,
Led a long death in everlaſting night;
But, while he dwells where not a chearful ray
Can pierce the darkneſs, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind preſents his ſin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endleſs circles roll,
And thouſand furies haunt his guilty ſoul,
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying ſkies
Thoſe empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,

Whoſe

Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum irae
Tydea? laurigeri ſubitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget et hoſtilem propellens caedibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita ſcrutatus lumina dextra
Merſerat aeterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Oedipodes, longaque animam ſub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imaeque receſſu
Sedis, inaſpectos coelo, radiiſque penates
Servantem, tamen aſſiduis circumvolat alis
Saeva dies animi, ſcelerumque in pectore Dirae.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miſerabile vitae

Whoſe wounds, yet freſh, with bloody hands he ſtrook,
While from his breaſt theſe dreadful accents broke:
Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty ſpirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, ſable Styx! whoſe livid ſtreams are roll'd
Through dreary coaſts, which I, though blind, behold:
Tiſiphone, that oft haſt heard my prayer,
Aſſiſt, if Oedipus deſerve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocaſta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of miſchiefs yet to come:
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the ſon the trembling father dy'd,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durſt explain,
Taught by thyſelf to win the promis'd reign;

If

Supplicium, oſtentat coelo, manibuſque cruentis
Pulſat inane ſolum, ſævaque ita voce precatur:
Dî ſontes animas, auguſtaque Tartara poenis
Qui regitis, tuque umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi conſueta vocari
Annue Tiſiphone, perverſaque vota ſecunda,
Si bene quid merui, ſi me de matre cadentem
Foviſti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmâſti; ſi ſtagna petî Cyrrhaea bicorni
Interfuſa jugo, poſſem cum degere falſo
Contentus Polybo, triſidaeque in Phocidos arce
Longaevum implicui regem, ſecuique trementis
Ora ſenis, dum quaero patrem; ſi Sphingos iniquae

If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monſtrous mixture ſtain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood.
And with full luſt thoſe horrid joys renew'd;
Then ſelf-condemn'd, to ſhades of endleſs night,
Forc'd from theſe orbs the bleeding balls of ſight;
O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'ſt inſpire!
My ſons their old unhappy ſire deſpiſe,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
Guideleſs I wander, unregarded mourn,
While theſe exalt their ſceptres o'er my urn;
Theſe ſons, ye Gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Inſult my darkneſs, and my groans deride.

Art

Callidus ambages, te praemonſtrante, reſolvi;
Si dulces furias, et lamentabile matris
Connubium gaviſus inî; noctemque nefandam
Saepe tuli, natoſque tibi (ſcis ipſa) paravi;
Mox avidus poenae digitis cedentibus ultro
Incubui, miſeraque oculos in matre reliqui:
Exaudi, ſi digna precor, quaeque ipſa furenti
Subjiceres: orbum viſu regniſque parentem
Non regere, aut dictis moerentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro: quin ecce ſuperbi
(Proh dolor) et noſtro jamdudum funere reges,
Inſultant tenebris, gemituſque odere paternos.
Hiſne etiam funeſtus ego? et videt iſta deorum

Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And ſleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, ſome laſting curſe entail,
Which o'er their childrens children ſhall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown diſtain'd with gore,
Which theſe dire hands from my ſlain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curſes bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred ſouls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wiſh to ſee
Blind as I am, ſome glorious villany!
Soon ſhalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Couldſt thou ſome great, proportion'd miſchief frame,
They'd prove the father from whoſe loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her ſnakes unty'd, ſulphureous waters drink;

But

Ignavus genitor? tu ſaltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in poenam ordire nepotes.
Indue quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votiſque inſtincta paternis
I media in fratres, generis conſortia ferro
Diſſiliant: da Tartarei regina barathri
Quod cupiam vidiſſe nefas, nec tarda ſequetur
Mens juvenum; modo digna veni, mea pignora noſces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva ſeveros
Advertit vultus; inamoenum forte ſedebat
Cocyton juxta, reſolutaque vertice crines,

But at the ſummons, roll'd her eyes around,
And ſnatch'd the ſtarting ſerpents from the ground.
Not half ſo ſwiftly ſhoots along in air,
The gliding light'ning, or deſcending ſtar.
Through crouds of airy ſhades ſhe wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the ſilent night;
Swift as ſhe paſs'd, the flitting ghoſts withdrew,
And the pale ſpectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus ſhe flies,
There ſpreads her duſky pinions to the ſkies.
The day beheld, and, ſickening at the ſight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the ſhades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the diſtant ſhore,
Trembled, and ſhook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft ſhe ſprung, and ſteer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager ſpeed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell ſhe late forſook.

A hundred

Lambere ſulfureas permiſerat anguibus undas.
Ilicet igne Jovis, lapſiſque citatior aſtris
Triſtibus exiliit ripis, diſcedit inane
Vulgus, et occurſus dominae pavet; illa per umbras
Et caligantes, animarum examine campos,
Taenariae limen petit irremeabile portae.
Senſit adeſſe dies; piceo nox obvia nimbo
Lucentes turbavit equos. procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia coelum cervice remiſit.
Arripit extemplo Maleae de valle reſurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas

A hundred ſnakes her gloomy viſage ſhade,
A hundred ſerpents guard her horrid head,
In her ſunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow:
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circles flow,
When, labouring with ſtrong charms, ſhe ſhoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the ſky.
Blood ſtain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue ſteaming poiſons, and a length of flame.
From every blaſt of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obſcene was o'er her ſhoulders thrown,
A dreſs by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toſs'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:

A ſerpent

Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi ſtantes umbrabant ora ceraſtae,
Turba minor diri capitis: ſedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phoebes
Atracea rubet arte labor: ſuffuſa veneno
Tenditur, ac ſanie gliſcit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa ſitis, morbique fameſque,
Et populis mors una venit. riget horrida tergo
Palla, et caerulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipſa novat Proſerpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: haec igne rogali
Fulgurat, haec vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut ſtetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithaeron
Occurrit coelo, fera ſibila crine vibrati

A ſerpent from her left was ſeen to rear
His flaming creſt, and laſh the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her ſtand on high,
Where vaſt Cithæron's top ſalutes the ſky,
A hiſs from all the ſnaky tire went round;
The dreadful ſignal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities ſend the ſound.
Oete, with high Parnaſſus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noiſe;
Again Leucothoë ſhook at theſe alarms,
And preſs'd Palæmon cloſer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury ſprings,
And o'er the Theban palace ſpreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and ſhrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race poſſeſs'd,
Stung to the ſoul, the brothers ſtart from reſt,
And all their Furies wake within their breaſt.

Their

Congeminat, ſignum terris, unde omnis Achaei
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna reſultant.
Audiit et mediis coeli Parnaſſus, et aſper
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Oeten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obſtitit Iſthmos.
Ipſa ſuum genitrix, curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palaemona preſſit.
Atque ea Cadmaeo praeceps ubi limine primum
Conſtitit, aſſuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum ſub pectore motus,
Gentileſque animos ſubiit furor, aegraque laetis.

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of ſway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull reverſion of a throne;
Each would the ſweets of ſovereign rule devour,
While Diſcord waits upon divided power,
As ſtubborn ſteers by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike diſdain with ſervile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked ſhare,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confuſion lay:
Such was the diſcord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.

In

Invidia, atque parens odii metus: inde regendi
Saevus amor: ruptaeque vices, juriſque ſecundi
Ambitus impatiens, et ſummo dulcius unum
Stare loco, ſociiſque comes diſcordia regnis.
Sic ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola impoſito ſociare affectat aratro:
Illi indignantes quis nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodoſos cervix deſcendit in armos,
In diverſa trahunt, atque aequis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite ſulcos:
Haud ſecus indomitos praeceps diſcordia fratres
Aſperat. alterni placuit ſub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem. fic jure maligno

In vain the chiefs contriv'd a ſpecious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate ſway:
Unjuſt decree! while this enjoys the ſtate,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the ſhort monarch of a haſty year
Foreſees with anguiſh his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms reſtrain,
But ſcarce ſubſiſted to the ſecond reign.
Yet then, no proud aſpiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with poliſh'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian ſtone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the ſleepleſs Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burniſh'd gold,
Nor ſilver vaſes took the forming mold;

Nor

Fortunam tranſire jubent, ut ſceptra tenentem
Foedere praecipiti ſemper novus angeret haeres.
Haec inter fratres pietas erat; haec mora pugnae
Sola, nec in regem perduratura ſecundum.
Et nondum craſſo laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congeſtos ſatis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum advigilantia ſomnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri ſtatione gementes
Excubiae, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis. Sed nuda poteſtas
Armavit fratres: pugna eſt de paupere regno.
Dumque uter anguſtae ſqualentia jugera Dircae

Nor gems on bowls emboſs'd were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the brims, and ſparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the weſt adorn,
When the ſouth glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like theſe, not all thoſe realms ſuffice,
Were all thoſe realms the guilty victor's prize!
But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh Tyrant! ſwell'd thy ſoul that day,
When all were ſlaves thou couldſt around ſurvey,

Pleas'd

Verteret, aut Tyrii ſolio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, faſque, bonumque,
Et vitae, mortiſque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miſeri? quid ſi peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emiſſus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens proſpectat Ibera?
Quaſque procùl terras obliquo ſidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid ſi Tyriae Phrygiaeve ſub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arceſque nefandae
Suffecere odio, furtiſque immanibus emptum eſt
Oedipodae ſediſſe loco. Jam ſorte carebat
Dilatus Polynicis honos. quis tum tibi, ſaeve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum ſolus in aula
Reſpiceres jus omne tuum, cunctoſque minores,

Pleas'd to behold unbounded power thy own,
And ſingly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile Vulgar, ever diſcontent,
Their growing fears in ſecret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though ſtill the ſlaves of ſtate,
And ſure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And ſoftly curſe the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of thoſe who groan beneath the ſway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great and vulgar ſpight
With ſcandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!
What woes attend this inauſpicious reign!
Muſt we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty maſter's yoke by turns to bear,
And ſtill to change whom chang'd we ſtill muſt fear?
Theſe now control a wretched people's fate,
Theſe can divide, and theſe reverſe the ſtate:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more:—O ſervile land,
Where exil'd tyrants ſtill by turns command!

Thou

Et nuſquam par ſtare caput? Jam murmura ſerpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Diffidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili laeſiſſe veneno
Summa, nec impoſitos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aſpera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia ſubdere colla!

Thou fire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring haſt thou fix'd this fate,
From the firſt birth of our unhappy ſtate;
When baniſh'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For loſt Europa ſearch'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Boeotian fields to found
A riſing empire on a foreign ground,
Firſt rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers ſlain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What ſullen fury clouds his ſcornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his ſtate, deſcend, and ſerve again?

Yet,

Partiti verſant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem. ſemperne viciſſim
Exulibus ſervire dabor? tibi, ſumme deorum,
Terrarumque ſator, ſociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera, Carpathio juſſus ſale quaerere Cadmus
Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros:
Fraternaſque acies foetae telluris hiatu,
Augurium, ſeros dimiſit aduſque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva ſub fronte minetur
Saevior aſſurgens dempto conſorte poteſtas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia faſtu?

Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,
Who more propitious to the ſuppliant croud?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile ſubmiſſive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and ſlaves in every reign!
As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering ſails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling veſſel throw:
Thus, on each ſide, alas! our tottering ſtate
Feels all the fury of reſiſtleſs fate;
And doubtful ſtill, and ſtill diſtracted ſtands,
While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.
And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the bleſt abodes:

Far

Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus et patientior aequi.
Quid mirum? non ſolus erat. nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus caſus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediae fortuna carinae.
Heu dubio ſuſpenſa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aſpera ſors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
At Jovis imperiis rapidi ſuper atria coeli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo. ſpatiis hinc omnia juxta

Far in the bright receſſes of the ſkies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a manſion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once ſurvey
The realms of riſing and declining day,
And all th' extended ſpace of earth, and air, and ſea.
Full in the midſt, and on a ſtarry throne,
The Majeſty of heaven ſuperior ſhone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling ſpheres confeſs'd the God.
At Jove's aſſent, the deities around
In ſolemn ſtate the conſiſtory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Aſcend from hills, and plains, and ſhady bowers;
Thoſe from whoſe urns the rolling rivers flow;
And thoſe that give the wandering winds to blow:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs ceaſe,
And ſacred ſilence reigns, and univerſal peace.
A ſhining ſynod of majeſtic Gods
Gilds with new luſtre the divine abodes;

Heaven

Primaeque occiduaeque domus, effuſa ſub omni
Terra atque unda die. mediis ſeſe arduus infert
Ipſe deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat ſolio. nec protinus auſi
Coelicolae, veniam donec pater ipſe ſedendi
Tranquilla jubet eſſe manu. mox turba vagorum
Semideum, et ſummis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compreſſa metu ſervantes murmura venti.
Aurea tecta replent; mixta convexa deorum

Heaven ſeems improv'd with a ſuperior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his ſolemn ſilence broke,
The ſtill creation liſten'd while he ſpoke,
Each ſacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long ſhall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the ſky!
Oh race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This weary'd arm can ſcarce the bolt ſuſtain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his taſk retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhauſted of its fires.
For this I ſuffer'd Phœbus' ſteeds to ſtray,
And the mad Ruler to miſguide the day.

Majeſtate tremunt: radiant majore ſereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine poſtes.
Poſtquam juſſa quies, ſiluitque exterritus orbis.
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile ſanctis
Pondus adeſt verbis, et vocem fata ſequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exſuperabile diris
Ingenium mortale queror. quonam uſque nocentum
Exigar in pœnas? taedet ſævire coruſco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operoſa fatiſcunt
Brachia, et Æoliis deſunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falſo rectore ſolutos
Solis eques, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,

When the wide earth to heaps of aſhes turn'd,
And heaven itſelf the wandering chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign
Releas'd th' impetuous ſluices of the main:
But flames conſum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To puniſh theſe, ſee Jove himſelf deſcend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perſeus thoſe of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long ſeries of ſucceeding woe?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Aroſe, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, ſtain'd with filial blood;
The ſavage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why ſhould I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?

Ere

Et Phaëtontaea mundum ſqualſere favilla.
Nil actum eſt: neque tu valida quod cuſpide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dediſti.
Nunc geminas puniré domos, quis ſanguinis autor
Ipſe ego, deſcendo. Perſeos alter in Argos
Sciditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis impoſta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Neſciat? et toties excitam a ſedibus imis
Eumenidum bellaſſe aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroreſque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis ſpatio, vix noctis abactae
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.

Ere I recount the ſins of theſe prophane,
The ſun would ſink into the weſtern main,
And riſing gild the radiant eaſt again.
Have we not ſeen (the blood of Laius ſhed)
The murdering ſon aſcend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And ſtain the ſacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkneſs and deſpair he groans;
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His ſons with ſcorn their eyleſs father view,
Inſult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curſe, oh Oedipus, juſt heaven alarms,
And ſets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waſte of war.
Adraſtus ſoon, with Gods averſe, ſhall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:

Hence

Scandere quinetiam thalamos hic impius haeres
Patris, et immeritae gremium inceſtare parentis
Apetiit, proprios monſtro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis aeterna piacula ſolvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius aethere noſtro
Veſcitur: at nati (facinus ſine more!) cadentes
Calcavere oculos. jam jam rata vota tuliſti,
Dire ſenex; meruere tua, meruere tenebrae
Ultorem ſperare Jovem, nova fontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a ſtirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. belli mihi ſemina ſunto
Adraſtus ſocer, et ſuperis adjuncta ſiniſtris

Hence ſtrife ſhall riſe, and mortal war ſucceed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus ſhall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breaſt
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feaſt.
He ſaid; and thus the Queen of heaven return'd;
(With ſudden grief her laboring boſom burn'd)
Muſt I, whoſe cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Muſt I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'ſt thoſe regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Ægyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus ſlept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was ſtorm'd of old,
When Jove deſcended in almighty gold.
Yet I can pardon thoſe obſcurer rapes,
Thoſe baſhful crimes diſguis'd in borrow'd ſhapes;

But

Connubia. Hanc etiam poenis inceſſere gentem
Decretum: neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et ſaevae periit injuria menſae.
Sic pater omnipotens. Aſt illi ſaucia dictis,
Flammato verſans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert: Mene, ô juſtiſſime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes? ſcis ſemper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris, opibuſque juvem; licet improbus illic
Cuſtodem Phariae, ſomno letoque juvencae
Extinguas, ſeptis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignoſco toris: illam odimus urbem,

But Thebes, where, ſhining in celeſtial charms,
Thou cam'ſt triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were ſpread,
And blazing lightnings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deſerves, may prove—
Ah, why ſhould Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet, ſince thou wilt thy ſiſter Queen control,
Since ſtill the luſt of diſcord fires thy ſoul,
Go, raſe my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the duſt the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eaſtern incenſe ſmoke,
Nor victims ſink beneath the ſacred ſtroke;
But to your Iſis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples ſmoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel ſound.
But if thou muſt reform the ſtubborn times,
Avenging on the ſons the father's crimes,

And

Quam vultu confeſſus adis: ubi conſcia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebae: cur hoſtes eligis Argos?
Quin age, ſi tanta eſt thalami diſcordia ſancti,
Et Samon, et veteres armis exſcinde Mycenas.
Verte ſolo Sparten. cur uſquam ſanguine feſto
Conjugis ara tuae, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Laeta calet; melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, et aeriſoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod ſi priſca luunt autorum crimina gentes,

And from the long records of diſtant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove deſign'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where firſt Alpheus hides
His wandering ſtream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whoſe impious rites diſgrace thy mighty name;
Who raiſe thy temples where the chariot ſtood
Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his ſteeds their ſavage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can thoſe honours pleaſe? and canſt thou love
Preſumptuous Crete, that boaſts the tomb of Jove!
And ſhall not Tantalus's kingdom ſhare
Thy wife and ſiſter's tutelary care?

Reverſe,

Subvenitque tuis ſera haec ſententia curis;
Percenſere aevi ſenium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et ſecula retro
Emendare ſat eſt? jamdudum ab ſedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua praeterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor eſt) delubra nefaſtis
Impoſuere locis: illic Mavortius axis
Oenomaï, Geticoque pecus ſtabulare ſub Aemo.
Dignius: abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent. tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes

Reverſe, O Jove, thy too ſevere decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barbarous Kings impoſe
Thy plagues, and curſe them with ſuch ſons as thoſe.
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the Queen expreſs'd
The rage and grief contending in her breaſt;
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the ſky,
And from his throne return'd this ſtern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty ſoul would bear
The dire, though juſt, revenge which I prepare
Againſt a nation thy peculiar care:
No leſs Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus leſs his native town defend,
Yet theſe in ſilence ſee the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our ſuperior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I ſwear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no perſuaſion move.

Haſte

Creta tuos. me Tantaleis conſiſtere tectis,
Quae tandem invidia eſt? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miſereſce tui. ſunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos paſſura nocentes.
Finierat miſcens precibus convicia Juno,
At non ille gravis, dictis, quanquam aſpera, motus
Reddidit haec; Equidem haud rebar te mente ſecunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet aequus) in Argos
Conſulerem, neque me (detur ſi copia) fallit
Multa ſuper Thebis Bacchum, auſuramque Dionem

Haſte then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the ſhades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whoſe ghoſt, yet ſhivering on Cocytus' ſand,
Expects its paſſage to the farther ſtrand:
Let the pale ſire reviſit Thebes, and bear
Theſe pleaſing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exil'd brother, ſwell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cauſe of more than mortal hate:
The reſt, ſucceeding times ſhall ripen into Fate.

The

Dicere, ſed noſtri reverentia ponderis obſtat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia aequora fratris
Obteſtor, manſurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar. quare impiger ales
Portantes praecede Notos Cyllenia proles:
Aëra per liquidum, regniſque illapſus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas ſenior ſe tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere, nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi
Lege Erebi: ferat haec diro mea juſſa nepoti
Germanum exilio fretum, Argoliciſque tumentem
Hoſpitiis, quod ſponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem:
Hinc cauſae irarum: certo reliqua ordine ducam.

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Thoſe golden wings that cut the yielding ſkies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'er-ſpread,
And veil'd the ſtarry glories of his head.
He ſeiz'd the wand that cauſes ſleep to fly,
Or in ſoft ſlumbers ſeals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coaſts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghoſts,
Thus, through the parting clouds, the ſon of May
Wings on the whiſtling winds his rapid way;
Now ſmoothly ſteers through air his equal flight,
Now ſprings aloft, and towers th' etherial height;
Then wheeling down the ſteep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the ſkies.
Meantime the baniſh'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily viſion and his dream by night;

Forbidden

Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat aſtra galero.
Tum dextrae virgam inſeruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut ſuadere iterum ſomnos, qua nigra ſubire
Tartara, et exangues animare aſſueverat umbras.
Deſiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, ſublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti deſignat nubila gyro.
Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Oedipodionides furto deſerta perarrat

Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he ſees his abſent brother fly,
With tranſport views the airy rule his own,
And ſwells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he caſt a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.
He chides the lazy progreſs of the ſun,
And bids the year with ſwifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toſt,
And all his joys in length of wiſhes loſt.
The hero then reſolves his courſe to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty towers aſcend,
(Where late the ſun did Atreus' crimes deteſt,
And diſappear'd in horror of the feaſt.)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' conſecrated caves he fled,

Where

Aoniae. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum ſignis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies nocteſque recurſans
Cura virum, ſi quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et ſemet Thebis, opibuſque potitum
Cerneret: hac aevum cupiat pro luce paciſci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugae diſpendia: ſed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et ſediſſe ſuperbum
Dejecto ſe fratre putat. ſpes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo conſumit gaudia voto.
Tunc ſedit Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto ſole Mycenas,

Where the ſhrill cries of frantic matrons ſound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the riſing ground.
Then ſees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Niſus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different ſhores:
Paſſes the ſtrait that parts the foaming ſeas,
And ſtately Corinth's pleaſing ſite ſurveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And riſing Cynthia ſheds her ſilver light,
Wide o'er the world in ſolemn pomp ſhe drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beaſts lie huſh'd: Sleep ſteals away
The wild deſires of men, and toils of day,

And

Ferre iter impavidum. ſeu praevia ducit Erinnys,
Seu fors illa viae ſive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deſerit, et pingues Bacchaeo ſanguine colles.
Inde plagam, qua molle ſedens in plana Cithaeron
Porrigitur, laſſumque inclinat ad aequora montem,
Praeterit. hinc arcte ſcopuloſo in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllaeaque rura
Purpureo regnata ſeni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
Jamque per emeriti ſurgens confinia Phoebi
Titanis, late mundo ſubvecta ſilenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucreſque tacent; jam Somnus avaris

And brings, deſcending through the ſilent air,
A ſweet forgetfulneſs of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promiſe the ſkies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the diſtant light
Streak with long gleams the ſcattering ſhades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours riſe,
Encreaſe the darkneſs, and involve the ſkies.
At once the ruſhing winds with roaring ſound
Burſt from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the ſky;
But with a thicker night black Auſter ſhrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whoſe dark womb a rattling tempeſt pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily ſhowers.

From

Inſerpit curis, pronuſque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratae referrens oblivia vitae.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila coelo
Promiſere jubar, nec rareſcentibus umbris
Longa repercuſſo nituere crepuſcula Phoebo.
Denſior a terris, et nulli pervia flammae
Subtexit nox atra polos, jam clauſtra rigentis
Aeoliae percuſſa ſonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems; venti tranſverſa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum coelum ſibi quiſque rapit. ſed plurimus Auſter
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebroſa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, ſicco quos aſper hiatu
Perſolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiſcunt

om pole to pole the thunder roars aloud
nd broken lightnings flaſh from every cloud.
ow ſmoaks with ſhowers the miſty mountain ground,
nd floated fields lie undiſtinguiſh'd round.
Th' Inachian ſtreams with headlong fury run,
And Eraſinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna ſwells above its bounds,
And ſpreads its ancient poiſons o'er the grounds
Where late was duſt, now rapid torrents play,
Ruſh through the mounds, and bear the dams away:
Old limbs of trees from crackling foreſts torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The ſtorm the dark Lycæan groves diſplay'd,
And firſt to light expos'd the ſacred ſhade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the burſting ſky,
Sees yawning rocks in maſſy fragments fly,

And

Fulgura, et attritus ſubita face rumpitur aether.
Jam Nemea, jam Taenareis contermina lucis
Arcadiae capita alta madent: ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas ſurgens Eraſinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullae
Aggeribus tenuere morae, ſtagnoque refuſa eſt
Funditus, et veteri ſpumavit Lerna veneno.
Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellae
Brachia ſylvarum, nulliſque aſpecta per aevum
Solibus umbroſi patuere aeſtiva Lycaei.
Ille tamen modo ſaxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, paſſimque inſano turbine raptas

And views aſtoniſh'd from the hills afar,
The floods deſcending, and the watery war,
That, driven by ſtorms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houſes to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a ſailor on the ſtormy main,
When clouds conceal Bootes' golden wain,
When not a ſtar its friendly luſtre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and ſhoals, and ſeas, and ſkies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus ſtrove the chief, on every ſide diſtreſs'd,
Thus ſtill his courage with his toils encreas'd;

With

Paſtorum pecorumque domos. non ſegnius amens,
Incertuſque viae, per nigra ſilentia, vaſtum
Haurit iter: pulſat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprenſus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico ſidere monſtrat
Luna vias, medio coeli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut ſaxa malignis
Expectat ſubmerſa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes ſcopulos erectae incurrere prorae:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vaſto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens ſtabula, et prono virgulta refringit

With his broad ſhield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickeſt woods, and rous'd the beaſts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Lariſſa's height
The ſhelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haſte the Theban Hero flies;
On this ſide Lerna's poiſonous water lies,
On that Proſymna's grove and temple riſe:
He paſs'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, ſpent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleaſing ſlumbers ſeal his eyes.
Adraſtus here his happy people ſways,
Bleſt with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of deſcent divine,
Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:

Heaven

Pectore: dat ſtimulos animo vis moeſta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit lucem devexa in moenia fundens
Lariſſaeus apex. illo ſpe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celſae Junonia templa Proſymnae
Laevus habet, hinc Herculeo ſignata vapore
Lernaei ſtagna atra vadi, tandemque reclufis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Veſtibula, hic artus imbri, ventoque regentes
Projicit, ignotaeque acclinis poſtibus aulae
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia ſomnos.
Rex ibi tranquillae medio de limite vitae
In ſenium vergens populos Adraſtus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de ſanguine ducens.

Heaven had not crown'd his wiſhes with a ſon,
But two fair daughters heir'd his ſtate and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had ſung—"Expect thy ſons on Argos' ſhore,
"A yellow lion and a briſtly boar."
This, long revolv'd in his paternal breaſt,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his reſt;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though ſkill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
Lo hapleſs Tydeus, whoſe ill-fated hand
Had ſlain his brother, leaves his native land,
And ſeiz'd with horror in the ſhades of night,
Through the thick deſarts headlong urg'd his flight:

Now

Hic ſexûs melioris inops, ſed prole virebat
Foeminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phoebus generos (monſtrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) aevo ducente canebat
Setigerumque ſuem, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Haec volvens, non, ipſe pater, non, docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat autor Apollo.
Tantum in corde ſedens aegreſcit cura parentis.
Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni ſanguinis illum
Conſcius horror agit) eadem ſub nocte ſopora
Luſtra terit, ſimileſque Notos dequeſtus et imbres,
Infuſam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis

Now by the fury of the tempeſt driven,
He ſeeks a ſhelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by Fate, the Theban's ſteps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court ſucceeds.
When thus the chiefs from different lands reſort
T' Adraſtus' realms, and hoſpitable court;
The King ſurveys his gueſts with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with ſurprize.
A lion's yellow ſkin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful ſpoils.
A boar's ſtiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Oenides' manly ſhoulders overſpread.
Oblique his tuſks, erect his briſtles ſtood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
Struck with the ſight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accompliſh'd Oracle ſurveys,

Reveres

Ora, comaſque gerens, ſubit uno tegmine, cujus
Fuſus humo gelida, partem prior hoſpes habebat.—

Hic primum luſtrare oculis cultuſque virorum
Telaque magna vacat; tergo videt hujus inanem
Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in ſpeciem, quem per Teumeſia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Gleonaei veſtitur praelia monſtri.
Terribiles contra ſetis, ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviae, Calydonis honos. ſtupet omine tanto

Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guided Godhead, and his future ſons.
O'er all his boſom ſecret tranſports reign,
And a glad horror ſhoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his ſight,
And thus invokes the ſilent Queen of night:
  Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign
Yon' ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train:
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inſpiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the riſing day.
O thou, who freeſt me from my doubtful ſtate,
Long loſt and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be preſent ſtill, oh Goddeſs! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm thoſe omens thou haſt made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars ſacrifices lay;

Defixus ſenior, divina oracula Phoebi
Agnoſcens, monituſque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtuta gelida ore permit, laetuſque per artus
Horror iit. ſenſit manifeſto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc ſic tendens ad ſidera palmas:
Nox, quae terrarum coelique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago tranſmittis ſidera lapſu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus aegris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quaeſitam erroribus ultro

The fable flock ſhall fall beneath the ſtroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful ſmoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phoebus: I confeſs the Gods!
Thus, ſeiz'd with ſacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the gueſts convey'd:
Where yet thin fumes from dying ſparks ariſe,
And duſt yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former ſacrifice.
The king once more the ſolemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feaſts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noiſy care and various tumult ſound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This ſlave the floor, and that the table ſpreads;

A third

Advehis alma fidem, veteriſque exordia fati
Detegis. aſſiſtas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimenſis orbibus anni
Te domus iſta colet: nigri tibi, Diva, litabunt
Electa ſervice greges, luſtraliaque exta
Lacte nova perfuſus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, priſca fides tripodum, obſcurique receſſus;
Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. ſic fatus; et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulae
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina ſacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulaſque recentes
Inſtaurare jubet. dictis parere miniſtri
Certatim accelerant. vario ſtrepit icta tumultu

A third diſpels the darkneſs of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in caniſters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the ſlaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal ſtate Adraſtus ſhone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely gueſt;
Around at awful diſtance wait the reſt.
And now the king, his royal feaſt to grace,
Aceſtis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who firſt their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modeſt grace maintain'd.
Then ſoftly whiſper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.

When

Regia: pars oſtro tenues, auroque ſonantes
Emunire toros, altoſque inferre tapetas;
Pars teretes levare manu, ac diſponere menſas:
Aſt alii tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggreſſi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inſerto torrere exanguia ferro
Viſcera caeſarum pecudum; his, cumulare caniſtris
Perdomitam ſaxo Cererem. laetatur Adraſtus
Obſequio fervere domum. jamque ipſe ſuperbis
Fulgebat ſtratis, ſolioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes ſiccati vulnera lymphis
Diſcumbunt: ſimul ora notis foedata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoſcunt, tunc rex longaevus Aceſten
(Natarum haec altrix, eadem et fidiſſima cuſtos
Lecta ſacrum juſtae Veneri occultare pudorem)

When, from the cloſe apartments of the night,
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, ſuch Minerva's face;
Nor ſhine their beauties with ſuperior grace,
But that in theſe a milder charm endears,
And leſs of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes firſt they caſt their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing bluſhes riſe,
Their downcaſt looks a decent ſhame confeſs'd,
Then on their father's reverend features reſt.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the ſign
To fill the goblet high with ſparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in ſacred rites of old,
With ſculpture grac'd, and rough with riſing gold.

Here

Imperiat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora praeceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egreſſae thalamo (mirabile viſu)
Pallados armiſonae, pharetrataeque ora Dianae
Aequa ferunt, terrore minus. nova deinde pudori
Viſa virûm facies: pariter, pallorque, ruborque
Purpureas hauſere genas: oculique verentes
Ad ſanctum rediere patrem. Poſtquam ordine menſae
Victa fames, ſignis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iaſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Qua Danaüs libare deis ſeniorque Phoroneus
Aſſueti. tenet haec operum caelata figuras:
Aureus anguicomam praefecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita viſus) in auras

Here to the clouds victorious Perſeus flies,
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There from the chace Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the ſtars:
Still as he riſes in th' etherial height,
His native mountains leſſen to his ſight;
While all his ſad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious ſcene in wild amaze;
And the ſwift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the ſhade, and bark againſt the ſkies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The firſt libation ſprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celeſtial power they call;
With Phoebus' name reſounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the ſtrangers, and the reſt,
Crown'd with chaſte laurel, and with garlands dreſs'd,
While

Exilit: illa graves oculos, languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam palleſcit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis:
Gargara deſidunt ſurgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant moeſti comites, fruſtraque ſonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Coelicolas: Phoebum ante alios, Phoebum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum, famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus: cui feſta dies, largoque refecti

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in numerous hymns of praiſe.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble gueſts,
Theſe honour'd altars, and theſe annual feaſts
To bright Apollo's awful name deſign'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cauſe; our old ſolemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition riſe;
But, ſav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
Theſe grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thouſand darts the Python ſlain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Caſtalia's ſtreams he hung,
And ſuck'd new poiſons with his triple tongue)

To

Thure vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forſitan, ô juvenes, quae ſint ea ſacra, quibuſque
Praecipuum cauſis Phoebi obteſtemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inſcia ſuaſit
Relligio: magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Poſtquam coerulei ſinuoſa volumina monſtri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus ſeptem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, ſquamiſque annoſa terentem
Robora; Caſtaliis dum fontibus ore triſulco
Fuſus hiat, nigro ſitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, abſumptis numeroſa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhaeique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum; nova deinde piacula caedi

To Argos' realms the victor god reſorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bleſs'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth poſſeſs'd;
Fair was her face, and ſpotleſs was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin ſweetneſs join'd.
Happy! and happy ſtill ſhe might have prov'd,
Were ſhe leſs beautiful, or leſs belov'd!
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flowery ſide
Of Nemea's ſtream the yielding Fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illuſtrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the ſylvan ſhade;
To woods and wilds the pleaſing burden bears,
And truſts her infant to a ſhepherd's cares.

How

Perquirens, noſtri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,
Mira decore pio, ſervabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, ſi Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phoebo ſociaſſet amorem.
Namque ut paſſa deum Nemeaei ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte reſumeret orbes
Cynthia, ſidereum Latonae foeta nepotem
Edidit: ac poenae metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donaſſet thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit: ac natum ſepta inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris cuſtodi mandat alendum.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine!
Ah how unworthy thoſe of race divine!
On flowery herbs in ſome green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the ſhade,
He mixes with the bleeting lambs his cries,
While the rude ſwain his rural muſic tries,
To call ſoft ſlumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in thoſe obſcure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;
For on the graſſy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freſhneſs of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpleſs infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints ſhe fills the yielding air,
And beats her breaſt, and rends her flowing hair;

Then

Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno
Texta domus: clauſa arbutei ſub cortice libri
Membra tepent, ſuadetque leves cava fiſtula ſomnos,
Et pecori commune ſolum. ſed fata nec illum
Conceſſere larem: viridi nam ceſpite terrae
Projectum temere, et patulo coelum ore trahentem,
Dira canum rabies morſu depaſta cruento
Disjicit. Hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulſi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus: ipſa ultro ſaevis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus

Then wild with anguiſh to her ſire ſhe flies,
Demands the ſentence, and contented dies.
But, touch'd with ſorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He ſends a monſter, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The peſt a virgin's face and boſom bears;
High on a crown a riſing ſnake appears,
Guards her black front, and hiſſes in her hairs:
About the realm ſhe walks her dreadful round,
When Night with ſable wings o'erſpreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miſeries.
But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;
Some few like him, inſpir'd with martial flame,
Thought a ſhort life well loſt for endleſs fame.

Theſe,

Occurrit confeſſa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
Sero memor thalami, moeſtae ſolatia morti,
Phoebe, paras. monſtrum infandis Acheronte ſub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis, cui virginis ora
Pectoraque, aeternum ſtridens a vertice ſurgit
Et ferrugineam frontem diſcriminat anguis:
Haec tam dira lues nocturno ſqualida paſſu
Illabi thalamis, animaſque a ſtirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morſuque cruento
Deveſci, et multum patrio pingueſcere luctu.
* Haud tulit armorum praeſtans animique Choroebus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi

Theſe, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monſter from afar deſcry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her ſide,
Whoſe panting vitals, warm with life, ſhe draws,
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.
The youths ſurround her with extended ſpears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breaſt he plung'd his ſhining ſword,
And hell's dire monſter back to hell reſtor'd.
Th' Inachians view the ſlain with vaſt ſurprize,
Her twiſting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her ſpotted breaſt, and gaping womb embru'd
With livid poiſon, and our childrens blood.
The croud in ſtupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.

Some

Famam poſthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novos ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus haeret,
Ferratique ungues tenero ſub corde tepeſcunt.
Obvius huic latus omne virûm ſtipante coronâ,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens ſub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animae mucrone coruſco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem ſua monſtra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et viſere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et craſſo ſquallentia pectora tabo,
Qua noſtrae cecidere animae. ſtupet Inacha pubes,

Some with vaſt beams the ſqualid corpſe engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obſcene, that nightly flock'd to taſte,
With hollow ſcreeches fled the dire repaſt;
And ravenous dogs, allur'd by ſcented blood,
And ſtarving wolves ran howling to the wood.
But, fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnaſſus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hiſſing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of ſultry clouds involv'd around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thouſand lives together fled,
Death with his ſcythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

But

Magnaque poſt lacrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.
Hi trabibus duris, ſolatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, aſproſque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere poteſtas.
Illam et nocturno circum ſtridore volantes
Impaſtae fugiſtis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque ſicca ferunt trepidorum inhiâſſe luporum.
Saevior in miſeros fatis ultricis ademptae
Delius inſurgit, ſummaque biverticis umbra
Parnaſſi reſidens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Peſtifera arma jacit, campoſque, et celſa Cyclopum
Tecta ſuperjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animae: Mors fila ſororum
Enſe metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.

But Phœbus, aſk'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blaſts the ſickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monſter fell,
And dooms a dreadful ſacrifice to hell.
Bleſt be thy duſt, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preſerve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In ſuch a cauſe diſdain'd thy life to ſave;
But view'd the ſhrine with a ſuperior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus beſpoke:
With piety, the ſoul's ſecureſt guard,
And conſcious virtue, ſtill its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor ſhalt thou, Phœbus, find a ſuppliant here.
Thy monſter's death to me was ow'd alone,
And tis a deed too glorious to diſown.

Behold

Quaerenti quae cauſa duci, quis ab aethere laevus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum!
Idem autor Pæan rurſus jubet ire cruento
Inferias monſtro juvenes, qui caedi potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in ſaecula digne
Promeriture diem! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certae trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhaei in limine templi
Conſtitit, et ſacras ita vocibus aſperat iras:
Non miſſus, Thymbraee, tuos ſupplexve penates
Advenio: mea me pietas, et conſcia virtus
Has egere vias. ego ſum qui caede ſubegi,
Phoebe, tuum mortale nefas; quem nubibus atris,

Behold him here, for whom, ſo many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy ſullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy ca
Such numbers fell by peſtilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compaſſion find;
If ſuch inclemency in Heaven can dwell,
Yet why muſt unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky ſteel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, ſince I deſerve it all:
Unleſs our deſert cities pleaſe thy ſight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.
Diſcharge thy ſhafts, this ready boſom rend,
And to the ſhades a ghoſt triumphant ſend;

Et ſquallente die, nigra quem tabe ſiniſtri
Quaeris, inique, poli. quod ſi monſtra effera
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et ſaevò tanta inclementia co
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime,
Objeciſſe caput fatis praeſtabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod deſolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? ſed quid fando tua tela manuſqu
Demoror! expectant matres, ſupremaque fun
Vota mihi. ſatis eſt: merui, ne parcere velles
Proinde move pharetras, arcuſque intende ſon
Inſignemque animam leto demitte: ſed illum

But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit diſtreſs'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With ſuch amazing virtue durſt engage.
The clouds diſpers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wondering God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we theſe altars in his temple raiſe,
And offer annual honours, feaſts, and praiſe;
Thoſe ſolemn feaſts propitious Phœbus pleaſe:
Theſe honours, ſtill renew'd, his ancient wrath appeaſe.
But ſay, illuſtrious gueſt! (adjoin'd the King)
What name you bear, from what high race you ſpring?

The

Pallidus Inachiis qui deſuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors aequa merentes
Reſpicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia caedis
Latoïdem, triſtemque viro ſummiſſus honorem
Largitur vitae. noſtro mala nubila coelo
Diffugiunt; at tu ſtupefacti a limine Phoebi
Exoratus abis. inde haec ſtata ſacra quotannis
Solennes recolunt epulae, Phoebeiaque placat
Templa novatus honos. has forte inviſitis aras.
Vos quae progenies? quanquam Calydonius Oeneus,
Et Parthaoniae (dudum ſi certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domûs: tu pande quis Argos
Advenias? quando haec variis ſermonibus hora eſt.

The noble Tydeus ſtands confeſs'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And ſilent hours to various talk invite.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eye
Confus'd and ſadly thus at length replies:
Before theſe altars how ſhall I proclaim
(Oh generous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has r
Let the ſad tale for ever reſt untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You ſeek to ſhare in ſorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocaſta's ſon, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his generous bre
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy gueſt)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the ſon to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?

Dejecit moeſtos extemplo Iſmenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea laeſum
Obliquare oculos. tum longa ſilentia movit:
Non ſuper hos divûm tibi ſum quaerendus hon
Unde genus, quae terra mihi: quis deſuat ord
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter ſacra fateri.
Sed ſi praecipitant miſerum cognoſcere curae,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Theba
Et genetrix Jocaſta mihi. tum motus Adraſtus
Hoſpitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis?

Fame, that delights around the world to ſtray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell where ſuns at diſtance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And thoſe who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithleſs Syrtes, and the moving ſands;
Who view the weſtern ſea's extremeſt bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eaſtern grounds;
All theſe the woes of Oedipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the ſons the parents' crimes deſcend,
What Prince from thoſe his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy anceſtor's diſgrace,
And be thyſelf the honour of thy race.
But ſee! the ſtars begin to ſteal away,
And ſhine more faintly at approaching day.

Now

Somus, ait: nec ſic averſum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculoſque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs ſi quis de ſolibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occaſibus intrat
Oceanum, et ſi quos incerto littore Syrtes
Deſtituunt: ne perge queri, caſuſque priorum
Annumerare tibi. noſtro quoque ſanguine multum
Erravit pietas; nec culpa nepotibus obſtat.
Tu modo diſſimilis rebus mereare ſecundis
Excuſare tuos. Sed jam temone ſupino
Languet Hyperboreae glacialis portitor urſae.
Fundite vina focis, ſervatoremque parentum

Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more reſound the great Apollo's praiſe.
Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coaſt
And ſnowy mountains thy bright preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the ſhady ſhore;
Or chuſe thy ſeat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The ſhining ſtructures rais'd by labouring Gods:
By thee the bow and mortal ſhafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of ſecret fate above,
And the dark counſels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the ſeeds of future war to know,
The change of ſceptres, and impending woe;

When

Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phoebe parens, ſeu te Lyciae Pataraea nivoſis
Exercent dumeta jugis, ſeu rore pudico
Caſtaliae flavos amor eſt tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbraeus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris ſubiiſſe molares:
Seu juvat Aegaeum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et aſſiduam pelago non quaerere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hoſtes
Arcus, et aetherii dono ceſſere parentes
Aeternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Parcarum praenôſſe minas, fatumque quod ultra eſt,
Et ſummo placitura Jovi. quis letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quae ſceptra cometae.

When direful meteors ſpread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and ſhake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T' excel the muſic of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy ſhafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame;
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame.
Thy hand ſlew Python, and the dame who loſt
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boaſt.
In Phlegya's doom thy juſt revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our prayer, O Power divine!
And on thy hoſpitable Argos ſhine,
Whether the ſtyle of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Oſiris, who firſt taught the ſwain
In Pharian fields to ſow the golden grain;
Or

Tu Phryga ſubmittis citharae. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.
Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem,
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megaera
Jejunum Phlegyam ſubter cava ſaxa jacentem
Aeterno premit accubitu, dapibuſque profanis
Inſtimulat: ſed miſta famem faſtidia vincunt.
Adſis o memor hoſpitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter amés; ſeu te roſeum Titana vocari
Gentis Achaemeniae ritu, ſeu praeſtat Oſirin

Or Mitra, to whoſe beams the Perſian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whoſe head the blaze of light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling heifer's lunar horns.

Frugiferum, ſeu Perſei ſub rupibus antri
Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

THE

THE

FABLE

OF

DRYOPE.

From OVID's METAMORPHOSIS, Book IX.

SHE ſaid, and for her loſt Galanthis ſighs,
When the fair Conſort of her ſon replies:
Since you a ſervant's raviſh'd form bemoan,
And kindly ſigh for ſorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a ſiſter's ſtranger fate.
No Nymph of all Oechalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,
(Myſelf the offspring of a ſecond bride)
This Nymph compreſs'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian iſle obey,

Andræmon

DIXIT: et, admonitu veteris commota miniſtrae,
Ingemuit; quam ſic nurus eſt adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienae ſanguine veſtro
Rapta movet facies. quid ſi tibi mira ſororis
Fata meae referam? quanquam lacrymaeque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notiſſima formâ

Andræmon lov'd; and, bleſs'd in all thoſe charms
That pleas'd a God, ſucceeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with ſhelving banks around,
Whoſe verdant ſummit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
Theſe ſhades, unknowing of the fates, ſhe ſought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her ſmiling babe (a pleaſing charge) ſhe preſt
Within her arms, and nouriſh'd at her breaſt.
Not diſtant far, a watery Lotos grows,
The ſpring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with bloſſoms, promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of theſe ſhe cropp'd to pleaſe her infant ſon,
And I myſelf the ſame raſh act had done:
But lo! I ſaw (as near her ſide I ſtood)
The violated bloſſoms drop with blood.

Upon

Oechalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei paſſam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andraemon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Eſt lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Littoris efficiens: ſummum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum neſcia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque ſinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.
Haud procul a ſtagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In ſpem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpſerat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;

Upon the tree I caſt a frightful look;
The trembling tree with ſudden horror ſhook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawleſs luſt ſhe flew,
Forſook her form; and fixing here became
A flowery plant, which ſtill preſerves her name.
This change unknown, aſtoniſh'd at the ſight,
My trembling ſiſter ſtrove to urge her flight:
And firſt the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,
And thoſe offended ſylvan powers ador'd:
But when ſhe backward would have fled, ſhe found
Her ſtiffening feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her faſten'd feet ſhe ſtrove,
And, as ſhe ſtruggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:

Surpriz'd

Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agreſtes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obſcoena Priapi,
Contulerat verſos, ſervato nomine, vultus.
Neſcierat ſoror hoc; quae cum perterrita retro
Ire, et adoratis vellet diſcedere Nymphis,
Haeſerunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, niſi ſumma, movet. ſuccreſcit ab imo.
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,

Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand ſhe heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the ſhooting leaves are ſeen
To riſe, and ſhade her with a ſudden green.
The child Amphiſſus, to her boſom preſs'd,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breaſt,
And found the ſprings, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moiſture, on a ſudden dry'd.
I ſaw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And ſtood the helpleſs witneſs of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy riſing bark delay'd,
There wiſh'd to grow, and mingle ſhade with ſhade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy ſire
Appear, and for their Dryope enquire;
A ſpringing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kiſſes on the panting rind.
Proſtrate,

Fronde manum implevit: frondes caput omne tenebant,
At puer Amphiſſos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigeſcere ſentit
Ubera: nec ſequitur ducentem lacteus humor.
Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis; opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, ſoror: quantumque valebam,
Creſcentem truncum ramoſque amplexa, morabar:
Et (fateor) volui ſub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miſerrimus, adſunt;
Et quaerunt Dryopen; Dryopen quaerentibus illis
Oſtendi loton. tepido dant oſcula ligno,

Proſtrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And cloſe embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf diſtils a trickling tear,
And ſtrait a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in ſighs complains:
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I ſwear by all th' unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be falſe, let theſe new greens decay,
Let ſounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let ſome kind nurſe ſupply a mother's care:

And

Adfuſique ſuae radicibus arboris haerent.
Nil niſi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebat.
Cara ſoror, lacrymae verſo de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis: ac, dum licet, oraque praeſtant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra queſtus.
Si qua fides miſeris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruiſſe nefas. patior ſine crimine poenam.
Viximus innocuae: ſi mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes; et caeſa ſecuribus urar.
Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; noſtraque ſub arbora ſaepe
Lac facitote bibat; noſtraque ſub arbore ludat.

And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her ſhades, and in her ſhades be fed;
Teach him, when firſt his infant voice ſhall frame
Imperfect words, and liſp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and ſay with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapleſs parent lies:
And when in youth he ſeeks the ſhady woods,
Oh, let him fly the cryſtal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a Goddeſs ſhrin'd in every tree.
My ſire, my ſiſter, and my ſpouſe, farewell!
If in your breaſts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle, or the piercing ſteel.
Farewell! and ſince I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at leaſt to mine.
My ſon, thy mother's parting kiſs receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiſs to give.

I can

Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote ſalutet,
Et triſtis dicat: Latet hoc ſub ſtipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putet eſſe Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quîs ſi qua eſt pietas, ab acutae vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morſu frondes defendite noſtras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non eſt,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oſcula noſtra venite,
Dum tangi poſſunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis

I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My cloſing lips, and hides my head in ſhades:
Remove your hands; the bark ſhall ſoon ſuffice
Without their aid to ſeal theſe dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to ſpeak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was loſt within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

Colla liber ſerpet; ſummoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus: ſine munere veſtro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Deſierant ſimul ora loqui, ſimul eſſe: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

From OVID's METAMORPHOSIS, Book XIV.

THE fair Pomona flouriſh'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the ſylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the ſhady grove, the flowery field,
The ſtreams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And ſee the boughs with happy burthens bend.
The hook ſhe bore inſtead of Cynthia's ſpear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawleſs ſhoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to ſpring.

Now

REGE ſub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit ſolertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei ſtudioſior altera foetûs:
Unde tenet nomen. non ſylvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis eſt, ſed adunca dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et ſpatiantia paſſim
Brachia compeſcit; fiſſa modo cortice virgam
Inſerit; et ſuccos alieno praeſtat alumno,

Now the cleft rind inſerted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now ſliding ſtreams the thirſty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
Theſe cares alone her virgin breaſt employ,
Averſe from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every ſide,
To lawleſs ſylvans all acceſs deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the foreſts, or frequent the lawns,
The God whoſe enſign ſcares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To paſs the fences, and ſurprize the fair?
Like theſe, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like theſe, rejected by the ſcornful dame.

To

Nec patitur ſentire ſitim; bibulaeque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc ſtudium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido,
Vim tamen agreſtûm metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et acceſſus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, ſaltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu praecincti cornua Panes,
Sylvanuſque ſuis ſemper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut potirentur ea? ſed enim ſuperabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.
O quoties habitu duri meſſoris ariſtas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit meſſoris imago!

To gain her ſight a thouſand forms he wears:
And firſt a reaper from the field appears,
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the ſhoulders of the ſeeming ſwain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked ſcythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his ſun-burnt temples ſhade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoak'd the ſweating ſteers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the looſe ſtragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A ſoldier now, he with his ſword appears;
A fiſher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each ſhape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feaſt his longing eyes.
A female form at laſt Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly ſpread with ſilver hairs;
Prop'd

Tempora ſaepe gerens foeno religata recenti,
Deſectum poterat gramen verſaſſe videri.
Saepe manu ſtimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares feſſos modo disjunxiſſe juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitiſque putator:
Induerat ſcalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piſcator arundine ſumta.
Denique per multas aditum ſibi ſaepe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet ſpectatae gaudia formae.
Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,

Prop'd on his ſtaff, and ſtooping as he goes,
A painted mitre ſhades his furrow'd brows.
The God in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit ſurvey'd;
And " Happy you! (he thus addreſs'd the maid)
" Whoſe charms as far all other nymphs out-ſhine,
" As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiſs'd the fair; (his kiſſes warmer grow
Than ſuch as women on their ſex beſtow.)
Then plac'd beſide her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whoſe embraces led,
The curling vine her ſwelling cluſters ſpread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleaſing ſight.
Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he ſaid)
Had ſtood neglected, and a barren ſhade;

And

Innitens baculo, poſitis ad tempora canis,
Adſimulavit anum: cultoſque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata eſt: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatae dedit oſcula: qualia nunquam
Vera dediſſet anus! glebaque incurva reſedit,
Suſpiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.
Ulmus erat contra, ſpatioſa tumentibus uvis:
Quam ſocia poſtquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At ſi ſtaret, ait, coelebs, ſine palmite truncus,
Nil praeter frondes, quare peterctur, haberet.

And this fair vine, but that her arms ſurround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averſe from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and every heart ſubdue!
What nymph could e'er attract ſuch crouds as you?
Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,
A thouſand court you, though they court in vain,
A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains, and our Alban woods.
But if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,
Whom age and long experience render wiſe,
And one whoſe tender care is far above
All that theſe lovers ever felt of love,

(Far

Haec quoque, quae junĉta vitis requieſcit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terrae adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubituſque fugis: nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus eſſet
Sollicitata procis: nec quae Lapitheïa movit
Proelia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyſſei.
Nunc quoque. cum fugias averſeriſque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et ſemideique deique,
Et quaecunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, ſi ſapies, ſi te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quae te plus omnibus illis

(Far more than e'er can by yourſelf be gueſs'd)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the reſt.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himſelf, himſelf is better known.
To diſtant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at firſt ſight, like moſt, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone ſhall ſhare
His laſt affection, as his early care.
Beſides, he 's lovely far above the reſt,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bleſt.
Add, that he varies every ſhape with eaſe,
And tries all forms that may Pomona pleaſe.
But what ſhould moſt excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleaſures are the ſame.
To him your orchard's early fruit are due,
(A pleaſing offering when 'tis made by you)

He

Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice taedas:
Vertumnumque tori ſocium tibi ſelige: pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe, neque enim ſibi notior ille eſt,
Quam mihi, nec toto paſſim vagus errat in orbe.
Haec loca ſola colit; nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; ſolique ſuos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod eſt juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formaſque apte fingetur in omnes:
Et, quod erit juſſus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quae tibi poma coluntur,

He values theſe; but yet (alas!) complains,
That ſtill the beſt and deareſt gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon' branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal ſun beſtows;
Nor taſteful herbs that in theſe gardens riſe,
Which the kind ſoil with milky ſap ſupplies;
You, only you, can move the God's deſire:
Oh, crown ſo conſtant and ſo pure a fire!
Let ſoft compaſſion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind;
So may no froſt, when early buds appear,
Deſtroy the promiſe of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when firſt your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light bloſſoms from their blaſted boughs!
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He ſtrait aſſum'd his native form again;
Such, and ſo bright an aſpect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging ſun appears,
And

Primus habet; laetaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam foetus deſiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum ſuccis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, niſi te. miſerere ardentis: et ipſum,
Qui petit, ore meo praeſentem crede precari.—
Sic tibi nec vernum naſcentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.
Haec ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Inſtrumenta ſibi: taliſque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppoſitas nitidiſſima ſolis imago

And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Diſpels the darkneſs, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the raſh deſign;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph ſurveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her ſoft breaſt conſenting paſſions move,
And the warm maid confeſs'd a mutual love.

Evicit nubes, nullaque obſtante reluxit.
Vimque parat: ſed vi non eſt opus: inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha eſt, et mutua vulnera ſentit.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the Author in his Youth.

I. CHAUCER.

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,
Yet ſwinken nat ſans ſecreſie.
Thilke moral ſhall ye underſtond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there paſſen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowſes hath he hent,
Not to be ſpied of Ladies gent.
" But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)
" Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;"
And ſtoapen, and lough, and callen out,—
This ſilly Clerk full low doth lout:
They aſken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miſs."
But, as he glozeth with ſpeeches ſoote,
The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck, and red creſt.

Te-he, cry'd Ladies; Clerke nought ſpake:
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.
"O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
"Be thilke ſame thing Maids longen a'ter?
"Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
"Then truſt on Mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I

IN every Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Paſs there is, with Houſes low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat, ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The ſhort thick Sob, loud Scream, and ſhriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry,

Now

Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding eft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries;
The ſcolding Quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds, in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baſkets of fiſh at Billinſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy, (ſpitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by every Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dog's at the ſtall:
She ſcratched, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call:

Yea,

Yea, when ſhe paſſed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor ever did aſkance like modeſt Virgin look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
Grots ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch.
Ne village is without, on either ſide,
All up the ſilver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandering ſtreams, and Windſor's towery pride.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, ceaſe, nor make your voice's prize
A heart reſign'd the conqueſt of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned veſſel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once aſſail.
We were too bleſt with theſe inchanting lays,
Which muſt be heavenly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Leſt heavenly muſick ſhould be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no leſs than he:
A Poet made the ſilent wood purſue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On

On a FAN of the Author's deſign, in which was painted the ſtory of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with the Motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come, gentle Air, the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more ſurely wound:
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love.
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound ſhe gives:
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muſe the flowery Treaſure ſing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring:
Where opening Roſes breathing ſweets diffuſe,
And ſoft Carnations ſhower their balmy dews;
Where Lilies ſmile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undreſs of ſuperficial Light,

And

And vary'd Tulips ſhow ſo dazling gay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day.
Each painted flowret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narciſſus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himſelf again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compoſe,
And mount the hill in venerable rows;
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected ſhade.
Here Orange trees with blooms and pendants ſhine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promiſe in their ripen'd ſtore,
Yet in the riſing bloſſom promiſe more.
There in bright drops the cryſtal Fountains play,
By Laurels ſhielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her ſhade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor ſeeks in vain for ſuccour to the ſtream,
The ſtream at once preſerves her virgin leaves,
At once a ſhelter from her boughs receives.
Where Summer's beauty midſt of Winter ſtays,
And Winter's Coolneſs ſpite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make ſorrow bright,
Proud grief ſits ſwelling in her eyes:
The Sun, next thoſe the faireſt light,
Thus from the Ocean firſt did riſe:
And thus thro' Miſts we ſee the Sun,
Which elſe we durſt not gaze upon.

Theſe ſilver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the favour of the day:
So from one cloud ſoft ſhowers we view,
And blaſting lightnings burſt away.
The ſtars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that ſunny Sphere
So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to ſpare,
Thought fit to drown him in her Tears:
Elſe might th' ambitious Nymph aſpire,
To ſet, like him, Heaven too on fire.

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's ſelf began to be,
'Twas one vaſt Nothing, all, and all ſlept faſt in thee.

II.

Thine was the ſway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and ſpoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, againſt thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clamorous race of buſy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently firſt, and ſpeech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noiſe and ſhow,
And wicked Wit aroſe, thy moſt abuſive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deſerts thee oft in vain;
Loſt in the maze of Words he turns again,
And ſeeks a ſurer ſtate, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Senſe thou kindly doſt ſet free,
Oppreſs'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reaſon finds a ſafe retreat in thee.

With

VII.

With thee in private modeſt Dulneſs lies,
And in thy boſom lurks in Thought's diſguiſe;
Thou varniſher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wiſe!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confeſt;
Folly by thee lies ſleeping in the breaſt,
And 'tis in thee at laſt that Wiſdom ſeeks for reſt.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wiſhing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But couldſt thou ſeize ſome tongues that now are free,
How Church and State ſhould be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldſt thou be!

XI.

Yet ſpeech ev'n there, ſubmiſſively withdraws,
From rights of ſubjects, and the poor man's cauſe:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and ſtills the noiſy Laws.

XII.

Paſt ſervices of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Favourites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repoſe.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are beſt by thee expreſs'd; and ſhine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parſon's cant, the lawyer's ſophiſtry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jeſt; all end in thee,
All reſt in peace at laſt, and ſleep eternally.

E. OF

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things methinks ſhe fails,
'Twere well if ſhe would pair her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs, and ſo much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRY

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging ſhe 'd appear:
'Twas Si Signior, 'twas Yaw Mynheer,
'Twas S'il vous plaiſt, Monſieur.

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religion, climes,
At length ſhe turns a Bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe Inſects fair
(Which curious Germans hold ſo rare)
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

VII.

Dr. SWIFT.

The Happy Life of a Country Parson.

PARSON, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A Wife that makes conſerves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
Gazettes ſent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt, when Prince:
A Chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.

He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays——if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new Gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor Swift.

A FARE-

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, diſtracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, ſleep at eaſe!

Soft B - - - and rough C - - -, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H - - - - k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his ſoul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned ſot;
And Garth, the beſt good chriſtian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard muſt go;
Farewel, unhappy Tonſon!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loſs of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnſon.

Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties rage;
My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muſe of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y - - r's ſold for fifty pound,
And B - - - - ll is a jade.

Why make I friendſhips with the great,
When I no favour ſeek?
Or follow girls ſeven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a buſy air,
Deep whimſies to contrive;
The gayeſt valetudinaire,
Moſt thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repoſe;
Careleſs or drowſy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious lobſter-nights, farewell,
For ſober, ſtudious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For ſallads, tarts, and peaſe!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whoſe ſoul, ſincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And ſo may ſtarve with me.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE.

POPE. SINCE my old friend is grown ſo great,
As to be miniſter of ſtate,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be aſham'd of Pope.

CRAGGS. Alas! if I am ſuch a creature,
To grow the worſe for growing greater;
Why faith, in ſpite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope muſt be aſham'd of Craggs.

EPIGRAM.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his Royal Highneſs.

I Am his Highneſs' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whoſe dog are you?

EPIGRAM.

Occaſioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you ſent, are the Muſes and Graces;
You've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant ſhades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But ſoft receſſes for th' uneaſy mind
To ſigh unheard in, to the paſſing wind!
So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart)
There hid in ſhades, and waſting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his ſoul away.

VERSES left by Mr. POPE, on his lying in the ſame Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of Rocheſter ſlept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I preſs the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the ſky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet ſtoop to bleſs a child or wife;
And ſuch as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

CON-

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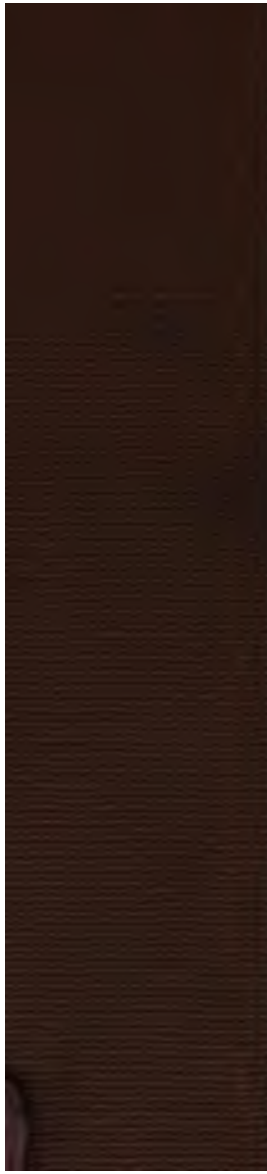
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